

What the Walrus Likes for Dinner

"OLD BILL" may have been very fond of oysters, but when he had them for dinner he turned up his nose at them. Of course "Old Bill," being a walrus in the London zoo, had not much nose to turn up, but the curator of the mammals in the garden knew that "Old Bill" much preferred to have a tender bit of seal blubber. Some naturalists feel sure that a walrus likes mollusks better, but perhaps the fact that "Old Bill" was really of the female persuasion, and should have been properly named "Little Alice," had something to do with it, says Mr. W. B. Pycraft, F. Z. S., in *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Pycraft remarks that "what a walrus likes for dinner" has been a settled subject, supposedly, but now new light has been cast upon his diet, with the assistance of some interesting notes sent to Mr. Pycraft by Mr. W. Jobson, who, from his vantage ground of a trading station in Baffin Land, was able to glean much information from the Eskimos. Mr. Pycraft writes:—

Though ungainly in movement and uncouth in appearance, the walrus is yet a singularly interesting beast, no matter from what point of view we may contemplate him. Just now I am particularly concerned with the matter of his food. His fondness for oysters, which he displayed in that memorable feast shared with the Carpenter, most of us have never forgotten! But when we descend from fiction to hard facts, we seem to be, strangely enough, on less certain ground. Up to the present moment, all the books—and they are books written by men who ought to know—tell us that the walrus feeds upon mollusks and crustacea, and some add to this menu star-fish and sand-worms. In his search for mollusks, he sorts out "those of the largest size," as we have been taught to expect would be the case; and these are furnished by one of the clams, known to the conchologist as *Mya truncata*, also known as the "gaper," which is to be found in great abundance in Arctic waters. Like the ostrich, it buries its head in the sand, and so falls an easy prey to this hulking beast whenever he chooses to go rooting about the mud and sand with his great tusks to find a "square meal." One of the "boring-shells" is also eaten, and this is found by hunting at the roots of seaweeds, to which they moor themselves by a silken rope. The crustacea which make up part of

his diet are not specifically named, save the shrimps are mentioned. I should like to see a walrus chasing a shrimp!

For long years, "what the walrus has for dinner" has been regarded as settled beyond dispute. But it would appear that the last word on the subject has not yet been said. One of my most faithful and interesting correspondents, Mr. W. Jobson, who has a trading-station in Baffin Land, has sent me some extremely interesting notes, gleaned from Eskimos and from whaling captains, which seem to show that the appetite of the walrus is by no means appeased by juicy mollusks, sand-worms, and shrimps. On the contrary, I am assured that he prefers a far more solid and satisfying diet of seals. Seal meat and seal skin have, I am told, been taken from the stomachs of this mighty hunter, and he cites a case where an Eskimo had just landed a fine seal on an ice-floe, when a hungry walrus, without more ado, climbed up beside him and bore away his prize!

Circumstantial as the evidence seems to be, I must yet venture to ask for more. And this because, after carefully examining the skull of a walrus, I can not, for the life of me, see how such a feat as eating a seal can be accomplished. The tusks of this animal, in both sexes, are formidable weapons, for they may measure as much as thirty inches in length, and as weapons of offense are to be avoided as much as possible. They are also used, it is said, as digging implements and as grappling-irons, to enable their possessors to climb out of the water on to ice-floes, or slippery rocks. They are certainly used in fighting between rival males for the possession of the females which the stronger has managed to round up. They would certainly make short work of a seal which came within their range; but, being killed, how is it to be demolished?

The walrus is even worse off than the extinct sabre-toothed tiger, which apparently overreached itself by increasing the length of its "tusks," even though, by a special mechanism of the lower jaw, it was able to open its mouth wider than any other animal, either before or since its appearance on the earth. But the sabre-tooth had sharp incisor-teeth in the front of its jaws, and particularly effective check-teeth for slicing up flesh. The adult walrus has but one incisor

and three check-teeth, and these lie closely packed within the mouth on the inner side of the great tusks. Now, it is just possible to insert one's fist between these tusks, but in front of them there are no teeth. More than this, the tusks lie so far forward that the jaws must be quite incapable of obtaining a grip on any such solid body as the carcass of a seal; they seem designed, indeed, to prevent any such use, even though the lower jaw may allow the mouth to open as much as six inches.

There is, however, one possibility which must not be overlooked, remarks Mr. Pycraft:

The lips of the walrus are enormously thick, and beset with huge bristles, as thick as porcupine quills and quite as resistant. No one has yet assigned any use to this singular armature, but it may play not merely an important part in transferring mollusks from the sea-floor to the mouth, for such spines may serve equally well to thrust the loose skin of a slain seal sufficiently far into the mouth to enable a vice-like hold to be taken by the bony nippers formed by the extreme ends of the upper and lower jaws. Once such a hold was obtained, the skin and blubber might be wrenched off the still warm body, and a certain amount of flesh might also be seized in like manner. And just as an otter may be content with one or two good bites out of a fish, so a walrus may be content with a few mouthfuls from a seal. I feel quite positive that he could do no more. When "Old Bill" is old enough to grow a decent pair of tusks, the powers that be at the "Zoo" may be able to provide a seal as a test. May I be there to see!

There is another matter to be mentioned. The single incisor and the check-teeth already referred to are indistinguishable one from another, in so far as their shape is concerned. And all alike, in the adult, are worn down to the level of the gum, presenting tabular, slightly concave surfaces. These are quite consistent with a diet of shell-fish, since they would form admirable crushing pads, and their state of wear indicates that it is as "grindstones" that they are used; they certainly bear no evidence of being used for tearing or cutting up flesh.

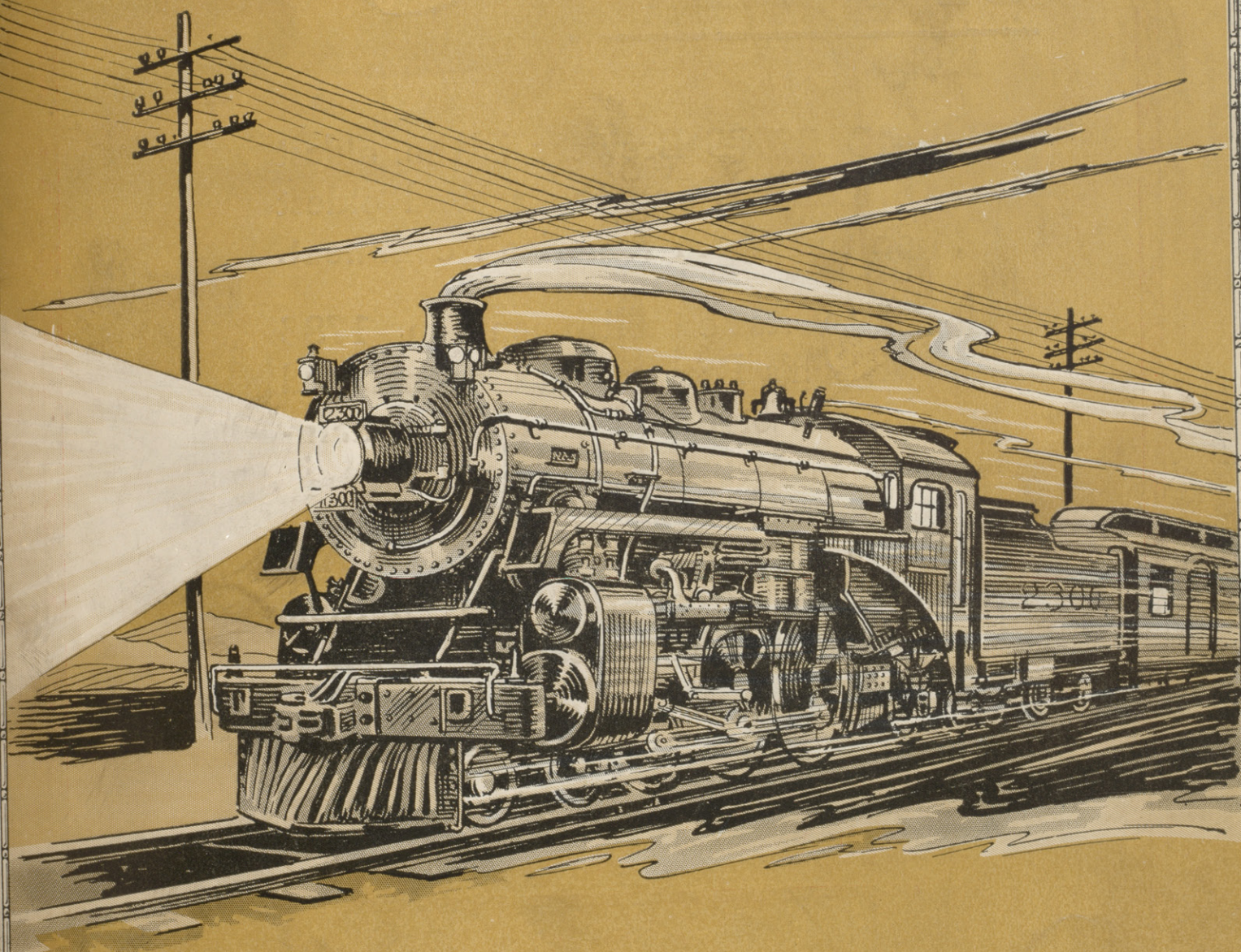
As touching the number of the teeth in the walrus, the books, again, need revision. In some adult skulls, tiny sockets, sometimes even containing teeth, are found in the front of the upper jaw, though they do not cut the gum.

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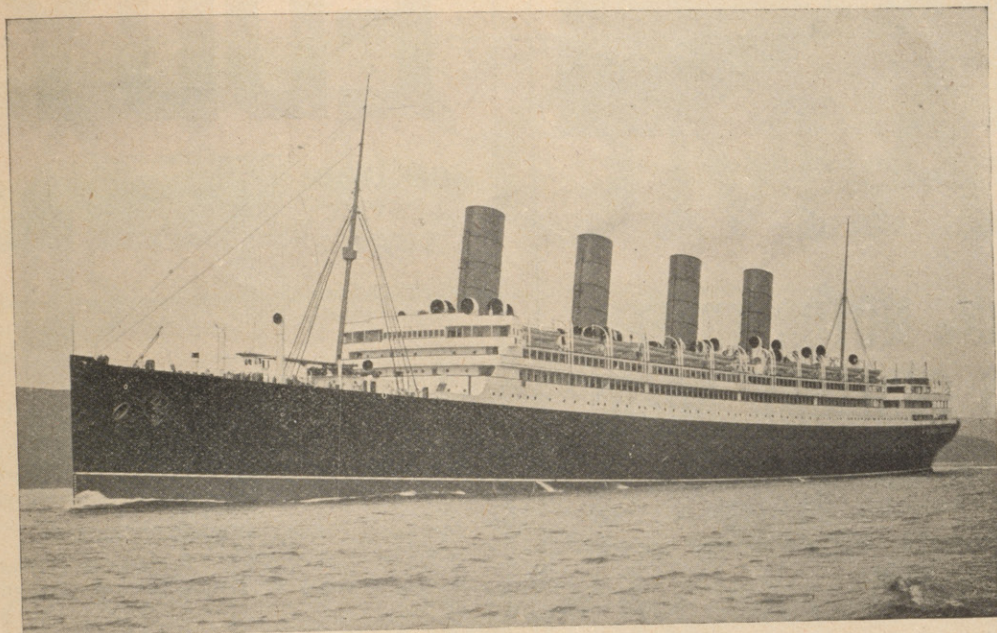
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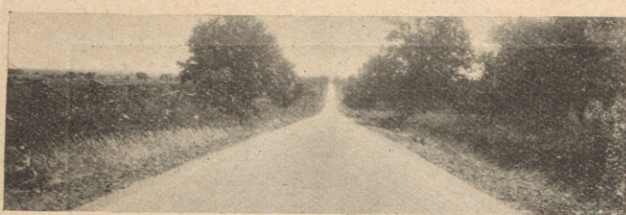
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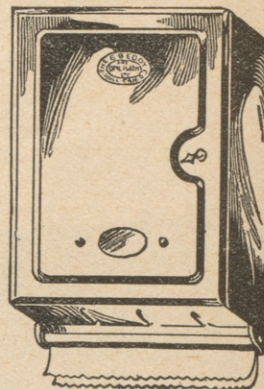
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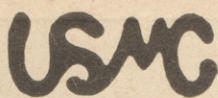


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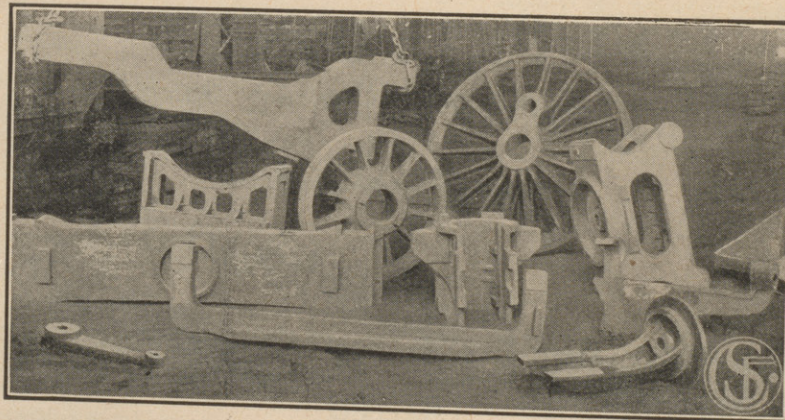
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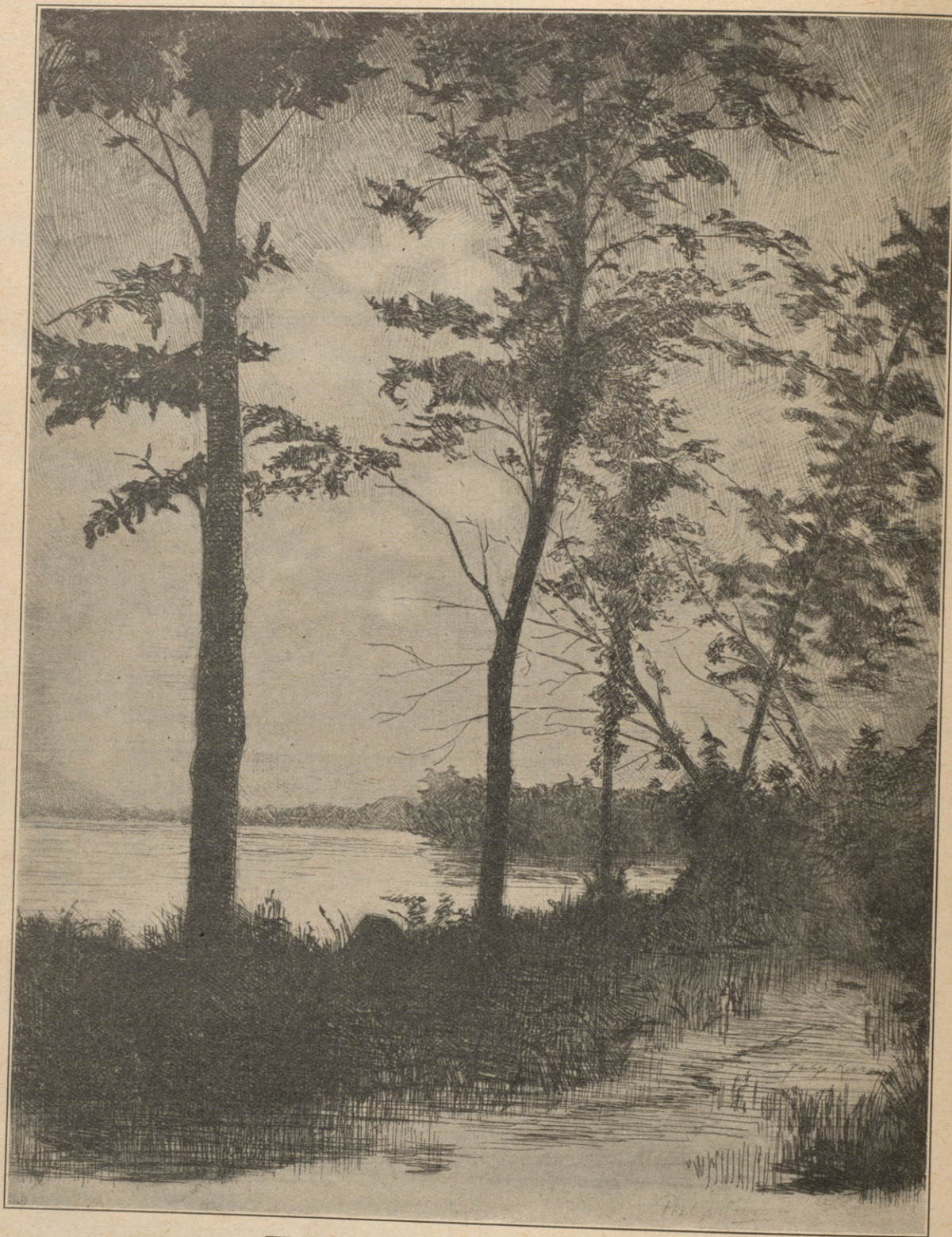


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NO. 3

TARIFF BOARD IDEAS

THE plank on which Premier King seems to be laying the most stress in his campaigning these days is that of a Tariff Advisory Board. This Board would receive the technical evidence of all interested parties—manufacturers, Labor, farmers, consumers in general, and so on—on the need for protection, or for abandonment or reduction of protection, on particular commodities. The Board would report its findings to Parliament, which would have the final say as to what was to be done.

The tariff question has always been a matter of party politics. The actual needs of the country were secondary. A Board presenting facts to Parliament would help to take the politics out of the tariff, while not removing the tariff from politics.

The idea was first set forth in the columns of this magazine some years ago, and we went to considerable trouble and expense to obtain opinions on it. We were later able to prove that it had the support of a large number of manufacturers and farmers, and of practically every Labor council and local in the country.

It is worth noting that journals which guffawed at the plan some time ago are now playing it up as heartily as they know how.

Mr. Meighen has also seen the light, and also wants a Tariff Board, with the difference that the Board Mr. Meighen seems to be thinking of would decide on tariff matters. The proposals of Mr. King and Mr. Meighen are at least akin in that both seek the removal of the tariff from party prejudices and expediencies, although the form of removal is different. Mr. King's plan is, in the main, the original plan of "Canadian Railroader" magazine.

It is extremely interesting to us on the side-lines to watch one of this magazine's babies growing up into the close regard of the two leaders of Canada's political destiny.

(Continued on next page)

AUTUMN COMES

THE long, drowsy days of summer are drawing to a close again. It is one of the compensations of life in a northern climate that summer, eagerly anticipated for the greater part of the year, is treasured when it actually arrives as something precious—like a jewel dropped from the hand of a provident god for the delight of the people on earth.

One feels almost sorry for those languorous dwellers in tropical climes with whom fine weather is a foregone conclusion and where "sun by sun the happy days descend below the golden hills, with promise of a morn as fair". From what source do such individuals derive their thrills? One wonders.

The lethargy engendered by a climate like that is fortunately not among the disadvantages against which Canadians are called upon to contend. The infinite variety of our weather is capable of providing a continuous series of amazing surprises and heroically lives up to its capacity—while the hardy constitutions for which Canadians are famous are probably the result.

* * * * *

God gave us memory that we might have roses in December, somebody has said. So recollections of summer's pageant hang in the mind like glorious pictures long after summer has drifted on; so we smell May's apple blossom and gather again the daisies of June as we sit by our blazing log fire amid the sullen November dusk.

Comparatively few, except those with an incurable weakness for scribbling, trouble to condense their holiday experiences into records for future perusal. On the other hand, few, in this day of the ubiquitous automobile, are without some reminiscences, which, though possibly not in script, none the less provide a wealth of material with which to shape a winter's reverie or weave a winter's yarn. How often on a murky November evening the glimpse of a flower, faded and pressed between the pages of an old book, or a pebble, perhaps unexpectedly discovered in the depths of a long closed-drawer, will, like the dust-covered toy dog and the rusty tin soldier of Eugene Field's little poem, call up a whole train of wistful recollections.

Brilliant summer sunshine seems to dispel the autumnal gloom shrouding the apartment and the air is suddenly perfumed with sweet clover and new-mown hay as drowsy Ayrshires crop knee-deep in lush grass and bobolinks gurgle melody from the ripening grain-fields. Stretches of timothy waving in shadows and high lights like the rippling pattern in fine moire are in tune with wondrous trees, "the wind's green daughters", which grow in thick groves or stand, lonely sentinels, against the cloud-flecked sky, while waysides starred with buttercups lifting golden chalices to the sun are here and there spread with patches of blue vetch, like veils of sapphire mist.

You see again shirt-sleeved habitants in Sunday clothes, lounging on front porches amid their numerous progeny; great barns awaiting the maturing

harvest; picturesque village churches, tangible evidence of their adherents' faith, and trim cemeteries on grassy hill-sides, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep".

Then you recall the homeward journey of that Sunday outing. Behind you the sun, a globe of fire slipping down through roseate waves of vapor, and ahead wisps of pastel-tinted cloud trailing away like fading echoes of the dying day to melt in the opalescent clearness of the east. On one side dusky meadows are cleft by a little rivulet which reflects the mosaic of earth and sky on its untroubled surface and somewhere very near the golden voice of a thrush warbles "Goodnight" to its mate from the purple depths of the woods. Over all is the brooding silence of the everlasting hills while a full moon of palest gold rises in queenlike splendor above the darkening sky-line to preside over the destinies of the night.

* * * * *

So much for summer's memories. But what of autumn? "Think not of them, thou hast thy beauty, too", sang Keats to her after plaintively inquiring for the songs of spring. Many there be who prefer the sumptuous beauty and the exhilarating air of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" to the rank luxuriance and the languorous atmosphere of her forerunner.

Breathes there the man whose pulses fail to quicken at the first quaff of September's heady air or whose feet never itch to hit the trail as he opens his eyes on a crisp new world, arrayed in all the gorgeous splendor of the east and flashing with millions of dew-diamonds in the early morning sun?

When earth puts off her robe of green for one of crimson and russet and gold; when sunlight falls on beds of flaming canna and purple aster plots; when, as James Whitcomb Riley says, "the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock", it is then the great out-of-doors really calls. Happy the man who belongs to the great brotherhood of those who answer the summons. Stevenson caught the spirit of it when he sang:

"Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river;
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever."

And then after the day as Nature's guest the long hike homeward "at the quiet colored end of evening",

"When barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue".

Then dinner, piquant with the sauce of appetite; a log fire; a book and an easy chair—and, last of all, untroubled sleep with waves of frosty air floating in through wide-open windows from the starry world outside.

WITHOUT A VISION

What About A Prosperity Loan?

By J. A. WOODWARD

We cannot build up Canada on lakes, land, trees, minerals and other natural resources.

The great national heritage that we speak about is of no value—unless we have people to develop the heritage.

No matter how the subject of Canadian prosperity is argued around, it all comes back to expression of the need for more people. A greater population is the first essential for general prosperity and for the solution of our railroad and other problems.

That does not mean that any kinds of newcomers should be brought in under any conditions. Immigration should be carefully chosen, guided and properly established in the places and phases of Canada that will assimilate them readiest.

Men and women are of first importance to Canada. That being so, home capital should be utilized in bringing and settling men and women. Hence the idea of a "Prosperity Loan", to be raised at home for immigration and development, as outlined in the following article by Mr. J. A. Woodward, President of Canadian Railroader, Limited. We must show faith in ourselves before we can expect others to have faith in us.

IN the early days of the Great War, I used to go down to the harbor to the office of my friend, the general yard-master, and watch the soldiers line up for inspection prior to embarkation on the troopships. Their bayonets glistening in the sunshine, the men would be inspected by the officers, who would then march them aboard the ships and send them to God knows where.

I used to say to the yard-master, "I wonder what it all means. Are they going to fight for a new world or does it mean the same old story—that when they come back (those who do come back) they will be begging for work and unable to get work to do?" He said that surely we had advanced far enough to prevent such a thing happening again. You all know what happened then and since.

It was the general opinion that the war would be over in a few months, but the Imperial armies of Germany were too well-trained and too great in numbers to be easily beaten. We needed more men and an order-in-council said: "During war the life of the subject is the property of the state," and an order was passed that every man up to a certain age must join the army. A little while after it was found that more men were needed and an order-in-council was passed, calling for every man up to a certain age to don the uniform.

We needed money, and had a Victory Loan campaign. Amid great excitement and enthusiasm we raised six hundred million dollars, on which the country guaranteed to pay 5½% interest, non-taxable.

Street corners were placarded with posters, which said, "Money is Power, Buy Victory Bonds," and other posters with a picture of a soldier ready to enter the firing line and the words, "This Man

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I ask what is given when you get 5½% on your money, non-taxable, with the security of the Nation behind it?

If your boy is wanted, his life is laid on the altar of sacrifice in this great cause of democracy and freedom.

We were told during the war that the angels of Mons appeared before the men in the mud and the blood of Flanders, and left a message that they were fighting for a new world, and that their sacrifice would not be in vain. Is that true today, as we see things? Have the nations of the world benefited from the terrible conflict? Have we learnt a lesson? Have we settled down to the task of bringing peace and prosperity into the world? Have we given up the in-

vention and creation of new deadly devices of war, or do we find that scientists are still at work on the improvements of war machines?

In nearly every country special research institutions and laboratories have been established in order to make war appliances more deadly. Governments are always on the lookout for more threatening and more inhuman instruments of war. New poisons are being prepared and deadlier gases invented. The next war will probably be decided by the science of chemistry. Do not let it be forgotten that in the great war the use of gases was in its infancy. Although by the Convention of Washington the nations pledged themselves to prevent the use of injurious gases and chemicals during war, the race for more



Mr. J. A. Woodward

deadly materials goes on. One new gas, for example, causes a temporary loss of mental power and reduces its victim to a state akin to drunkenness.

I just mention these few facts to show that the world has not yet learnt its lesson. The war left most of the countries engaged in it, staggered, stunned and with a vision.

If I asked you what was the matter with Canada today, I think you would say that she was still staggering from the effects of the war—and without a vision.

We blame the Government for this, we abuse the professional politician. Perhaps we do this because we think there is nobody else that we could blame. Of course, we never think of blaming ourselves.

What is lacking in Canada today is a progressive, honest public opinion. We elect our government and then go politically asleep for three or four years, until the next general election. Suppose we vote the present Government out of power, have we any outstanding men to form a new government? Perhaps the hardest question that the late Robert Ingersoll had to answer in his attacks on the Christian religion was, "What will you put in its place, Bob?"

Great Resources

We are in the same position that the United States was seventy-five or a hundred years ago, except that instead of trekking across the prairie in a covered wagon, we have two great railroads, linking up the Atlantic and the Pacific. We have millions of acres of the most wonderful farm land in the world. The wealth of our natural resources in minerals, timber and other things would run into figures almost unbelievable. With an asset such as this the question that comes to the mind is, "What are we going to do about it?" You cannot build up a country on trees, minerals and other resources. After all is said and done, we need more people. It has been said that the wealth of a nation does not exist in bank balances, but in the brain and brawn of the people. We are told to economize in every direction. I suggest that we should economize in the human capital of our country, our most precious possession, which we have too long suffered to run to waste.

The prairies of the west were of no value until they were scratched by the hand of man and today they are the greatest asset we possess. You hear many people say, "Why bring more people when we already have so much unemployment?" And everybody seems to be afraid to move.

"Economy" is the cry throughout the land. Everybody is preaching economy. The question I ask is, How can we

economize if we have nothing to economize on. There is only one place for economy and that is on the inside of a busy institution or a busy country. It is impossible to economize if you have nothing to do.

If it is right to raise six hundred million dollars for war to blow men to pieces, then it should be right to raise six hundred million dollars, if need be, to build up our country during peace time. We must show to intending settlers and intending investors that we have faith in our own country or how can we expect them to have faith in us? As I said at a meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association recently,—what about a prosperity loan instead of a war loan? What about a loan to build, not to destroy?

Need of Discrimination

If the Government would ask for a loan from the Canadian people, say, of one hundred million dollars to start with, to be devoted wholly to the development of Canada, assisting newcomers to get settled on the farms, it would not be right to bring people to this country wholesale. We should be sure that they are the kind of people we want. They should have three qualifications,—good health, good character, and willingness to work. It would not be possible to bring all agricultural workers from Great Britain and the different countries of Europe, because they are mostly industrial countries, but an effort should be made in the beginning to bring as many agricultural workers as possible, and when they get settled down to work, it will have a wonderful effect on our industries. Many an industrial worker has become a good farmer.

Increased population means a general speeding-up in the life of a country. The greater the number of men working in the lumber camps, tilling the soil and doing other vital work the greater will be the demand upon industrial resources and the greater will be the need of industrial workers. With such a quickening of activities labor could safely be imported into the country without the possibility of lowering the standard of Canadian life and without the danger of affecting the position of the Canadian worker.

Selective immigration would appear to be the only method by which the right sort of settlers can be induced to come out and make their homes here. As a means to this end the Government might be wisely advised to run a fleet of motor vans throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles with the object of gathering first-hand information regarding the character and qualifications of

men and women who are considering emigrating to Canada.

Our railroad problem is a problem of more people. Double our population and the white elephant we hear so much about today disappears. I would ask you to imagine, just for a moment, that we have learned our lesson, that we have a strong and progressive government in power, that the leader of that government is a man of the same calibre as Sir John A. MacDonald or Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that we have raised the money needed for development, that our industries are humming, our trains are loaded, and we see new towns and even greater cities springing up across the country. The question that would come to our mind would be, how are we going to take care of all this prosperity for the future? The answer would be, by proper protection system. Fair Trade and not Free Trade should be the war cry.

Fight for Tariff Board

Some years ago the organized labor movement of Canada, headed by Tom Moore, P. M. Draper, and J. T. Foster, put up a strenuous fight for the establishment of an advisory tariff board, on which labor would be represented and manufacturers and farmers would have a representative, the government in power at the time also appointing two representatives. The idea was first propounded in the pages of this magazine. It would not be the intention of this board to take the tariff out of politics, but to take politics out of the tariff. The board should have power to examine the books and ascertain the cost with reference to goods of any manufacturer seeking tariff protection.

In 1920 sixteen hundred labor unions endorsed the tariff board because they believed that there should be a scientific inquiry into the actual cost of production; because they believed that men of experience in practical lines of industry are better qualified than politicians to secure accurate information regarding prices at home and abroad. They supported the idea of a tariff board, because they were of the opinion that such a body would render the greatest service to the executive and legislative branches of the Government.

A board of this nature would place the country's business on a business footing free from political interference and periodical interruptions which always mean a setback to real progress. The board should be established on a permanent basis with five members to be appointed only for their capacity and qualifications to deal efficiently with economic questions of this nature.

It is surely time for re-organization in matters relating to employment. Workers are beginning to object to jobs

which hinge upon an election issue and demand rather a position which promises a reasonable degree of permanency. On the other hand, no worker wishes to see his employer robbed nor placed in such a position through tariff changes that his business becomes a failure.

Canada is a young and growing country. What with our enormous natural resources and progressive manufactures, our hardy, efficient workmen and agriculturists, there are no commercial heights to which we may not eventually aspire. But we must lay the foundation of our future commercial greatness on a sound and practical basis. We must put a premium on knowledge and a discount on ignorance to develop methodically and logically. We need to base all industry expansion on accurate knowledge of what our competitors are doing. A scientific advisory tariff board would assist us to do all this.

What we need today, more than anything else, are men with a vision who can see what time is bringing, and who can

mould the people's minds to the changes that are surrounding them. I believe that a spirit is growing among employers as well as among employees, to forswear selfish and petty advantages for the general good of all Canadians. In spite of "whispers of death" many Canadians are beginning to see visions of a great and prosperous and happy Canada. We are beginning to be fired with an ambition to construct a government that will serve as an example to the rest of the world.

With our hardy Canadian workmen, with our progressive manufacturers and agriculturists, there is not a problem Canadian spirit and Canadian intelligence will not solve.

OLYMPIC GAMES

For a thousand years and more the Greeks held their Olympic games at stated intervals. Only free-born Greeks of unstained character were originally permitted to compete; but as Roman in-

fluence in the eastern Mediterranean increased competitors came from all parts of the Roman empire. Many of the champions were professional athletes who made a trade of taking part in such competitions. In 1896 the old Greek games were revived at Athens, and since then there have been several other international Olympic meets.

LONDON BRIDGE

The first pile of London Bridge, as we know it, was driven over 100 years ago—March 15th, 1824. The first stone was laid on June 15th, 1825, by the Lord Mayor, Alderman Garratt, and it was opened by King William IV., on August 1st, 1831. The bridge was the design of the engineer John Rennie, the elder, and was carried out by his two sons, Sir John and George. The actual cost of the bridge was about £500,000, but the work necessary for improving the approaches brought the sum up to more than £2,000,000.



French-Canadian Teachers Start Tour Across Canada

The above picture shows most of the one hundred French-Canadian school teachers of the University of Montreal, who left Windsor Station early in July on a three-weeks' educational excursion across the country. Seated in the centre of the group is Mayor Duquette, of Montreal, with Monsignor A. V. J. Piette, rector of the University of Montreal, who is in charge of the party, on his right, and Professor E. Montpetit,

also of the University, on his left.

E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Grant Hall, first vice-president; A. D. MacTier, vice-president, eastern lines; J. J. Scully, general manager, eastern lines, and C. E. E. Ussher, general passenger traffic manager, saw the travellers off and wished them "God speed" in behalf of the railway company.

The trip, which covers the run across Canada to Victoria and Vancouver and return, is the first of its kind ever undertaken by an all-French-Canadian institution. A similar expedition, under the auspices of the Teachers' Federation of Canada, will leave Toronto on July 20th, returning three weeks later after visiting all the important scenic and business centres between Ontario and the Pacific Coast.

Old Indian Prophecy Is Fulfilled

Buffalo Return to Ancient Haunts

(From the Canadian National Railways Magazine)



WAY back in what civilized people—that is dwellers in cities and towns—are pleased to call the Great Hinterland, Chief Running Horse sat before his tepee with his squaws and a few young braves gathered around him. Solemnly removing his pipe from his lips he reiterated the old prophecy—one which made the young braves snicker and grin at each other.

"And the buffalo shall return to his northern pastures," said the old chief, "for so it is told to me by my father and grandfather, who learned it from the wise men of their tribe. They shall return in a moon when the skies shall weep much and the Athabasca shall fill her banks with the spring waters . . ." And as Chief Running Horse dwelt on the old theme the squaws nodded sagely, but the younger Indians grinned to one another at these old men's tales.

The good ship "Northland Echo" worked her way down between the sandbanks of the Clearwater and out into the Athabasca River, from Fort McMurray northward. Just before reaching Fort Fitzgerald, an order was telephoned from the bridge to the engine room. Engines were reversed and the "Northland Echo" nosed her way in toward the east bank, pushing ahead of

her a great, decked scow from which there came curious noises of clashing horns and shuffling hoofs.

Slowly toward the bank the scow was pushed. Then she was made fast, while the engines of the "Northland Echo" and her convoying boat, the "Saskalta," turned slowly to hold her against the stream.

A gate at the end of the scow was opened and a shaggy, inquiring head peered forth. A deck hand, somewhere behind, shouted "Hi!" and the owner of the shaggy head "Hi-ed." A two year-old bull buffalo ambled slowly up the ramp from the scow toward the river bank. Just ahead was a tuft of green grass. The buffalo bull tasted it and apparently flashed a wireless, soundless message to his fellows in the scow.

Several more ventured out; ahead of them lay lush, knee-deep pasture, while a scant 200 yards ahead was a fringe of poplar and jackpine, offering shelter from these humans who crowded one into strange places and poked one and shouted strange noises. A few at a time, the young buffalo moved toward their new pasture; then, with heads down and tails in the air they raced toward it.

The "Northland Echo" reversed her engines, backed out toward the centre of the stream, swung northward and continued her journey toward Fitzgerald. The "Saskalta" unloaded her complement of buffalo and followed suit.

The buffalo had returned to the north, the strangest cavalcade since Noah loaded, presumably, the original pair into the Ark and started on his search which ended at Mount Ararat.

Two thousand young buffalo bulls and heifers, natives of Wainwright Buffalo Park, on the main line of the Canadian National Railways, will shortly be established in the great Wood Buffalo Reserve, on the south side of Great Slave Lake, the subjects of one of the most interesting experiments in the preservation of wild life that has yet been attempted. There they are expected to mingle and interbreed with the two great herds of wild Wood Bison, the only wild animals of their kind on the continent, and it may not cause surprise if a few years hence the big game hunter is permitted to take out his license which permits him to shoot one or two buffalo in the fall of the year. Canada's experiment with the buffalo has been watched with interest all over the world, for at Wainwright, Alberta, the government of

the Dominion owns the greatest herd of these animals in the world. There in an enclosure containing more than 105,000 square miles, and surrounded by a nine-foot steel wire fence, a herd of 716 buffalo was turned wild some 18 years ago. Today there are more than 8,000 animals in the park, and an outlet for the increase had to be found.

That outlet was the Wood Bison reserve in the far north.

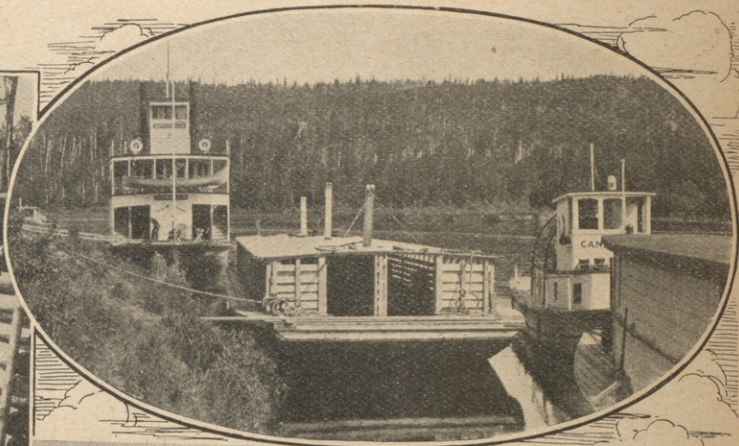
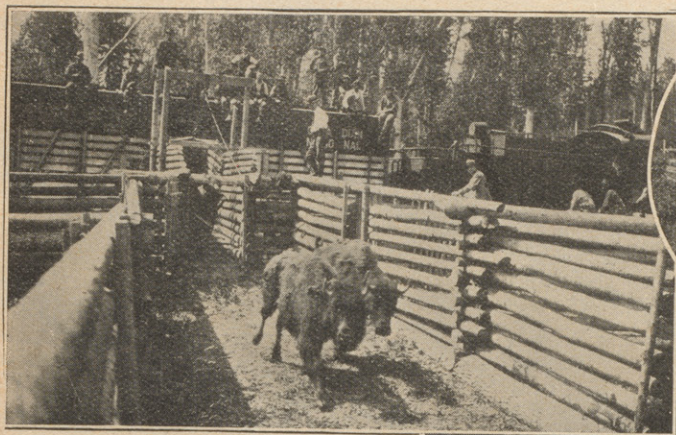
The increase of the Wainwright herd during recent years has been at the rate

ment than would shipments of as many wild range cattle; though it must be remembered that the buffalo handled were but one and two year old and had, therefore, not attained anything like their full growth or strength.

Loading time at Wainwright brought practically the whole population down to the corrals, where Supt. A. C. Smith was overlooking the operations of "Bud" Cotton and his gang of Buffalo Park cowboys. Heads down and tails up the animals came at a gallop into the cor-

"Hafta get in there, fellers," would come from "Slim" Johnson, a lanky rider in yellow shirt and brilliant purple kerchief. "Slim" apparently is a fatalist, believing that nothing will happen which has not been ordained; but at least he had presence of mind enough to keep one foot within reaching distance of the fence.

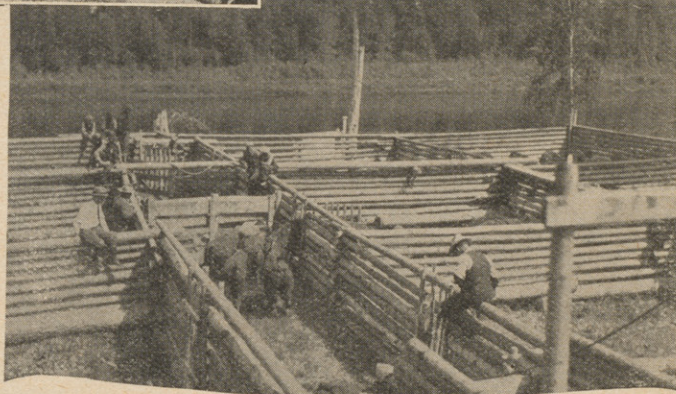
And so it was that Round One ended in "Slim's" favor, with Cleo, a two-year-old cow, a close second as she hooked a wicked horn at the seat of "Slim's"



of some 1,500 to 2,000 animals yearly, and the pasturage at Wainwright was becoming overtaxed. Killing off the animals did not meet with general approval, though the meat and other products from 1,600 head slaughtered in the fall of 1923 found a ready market. So, with the setting aside of an immense game reserve near Great Slave Lake the idea was conceived of transplanting the Wainwright surplus to it, and plans were laid for the movement, this summer, of the first, 2,000 head.

Special corrals were built at Wainwright, and specially reinforced stock cars were provided by the Canadian National Railways. Then the first batch of 210 yearlings and two-year-olds were rounded up, cut out of the main herd, and segregated for branding with the "rolling W," which signifies their origin as part of the Wainwright Herd. Again at Waterways, the end of steel leading into the Northland, an elaborate system of log corrals was erected, this time by Col. Jim Cornwall, Peace River transportation pioneer, who had the contract for the northward move, and into these the animals were unloaded for transshipment to the specially constructed scows which awaited them.

Feed and water supplies, were, of course, in readiness at the cars and corrals and, again, on the boats, so the animals were well cared for during their journey. And the shipments, as a whole, went forward with little more excite-



Upper left, Unloading buffalo from Wainwright at their new home in Waterways, Alberta; upper right, Special scows which carried the buffalo to their new northern home; below, Another view of the unloading operations at Waterways.

rals when rounded up by the riders who swung their trained cow ponies in and out of the bunch. From places of vantage atop of box cars and fences, Wainwright, aided by a small coterie of newspapermen, watched the proceedings and clicked cameras.

Now, a buffalo is apparently a two-speed animal—straightaway gallop and dead still. He has neither sense of humor nor sense of the fitness of things in general; hence, a cowboy handling these animals is just about as good an insurance risk as is a lion-tamer with a bunch of untrained wildcats. "Hi-you," said Bud Cotton and his riders when they came to the corral, and while the yearlings obeyed, an occasional two-year-old planted all four feet firmly on the ground, pawed up a little dirt and waited for something to happen.

trousers, fast disappearing out of reach.

"Hafta rope 'er, fellers," said "Slim"—and the fun began.

The Three R's learned at school failed to give the horse-power of a two-year-old buffalo, but anyone who watched the loading at Wainwright will vouch for the fact that one two-year-old buffalo cow equals ten cowboys.

Once loaded the animals were provided with plenty of feed and water and their cars attached to the Canadian National west-bound freight for Edmonton. Then they were transferred to the Alberta and Great Waterways line for the balance of their rail journey to Waterways, some 200 miles north of Edmonton, and the first shipment, which the writer accompanied that far, went through without mishap and with little

more difficulty than would a shipment of range cattle.

Somewhere north of the Peace River, where the Wood Bison lives alone in his glory, the huskiest of wood bison bulls has probably by this time added Cleo and a few of her sisters to his harem, though it would not be without a protest and a fight from some of the young male plains buffalo who accompanied them north. Just what will happen in the way of mixing and interbreeding during the next few years will be closely watched by rangers of the Northwest Territories' Branch of the Department of the Interior, who are guarding the buffalo in their northern habitat. In any event, before the end of this summer, 2,000 of the young Wainwright buffalo will have been moved north to the Wood Bison range, there to roam at their own sweet will, and reports on their progress will be eagerly awaited.

Opinions of old-timers in the north vary as to the effect of the move on these youngsters. Few of them have seen the Wood Bison, for the territory over which they roam is a wild region, covered with poplar, willow and jack-pine bluffs, with stretches of prairie intervening. Those who have seen the Wood Bison say that seen through the brush they look like moving houses, much larger than the plains animal. However, the plains buffalo, at six years old, is no pigmy and is far from being a desirable household pet. When it becomes necessary to ship one of these animals the only safe means is to fasten him in an individual crate, made of strong planking, and then take no chances. All the trappers and hunters are agreed, however, on the fact that feed is plentiful up there for the newcomers, and they see no reason why they should not thrive through the winter after having had a good summer on such rich pasturage.

The movement north was supervised by D. H. Christie, of the Northwest Territories Branch, who will be in charge of the rangers this summer, and who will probably have an interesting tale to relate on his return "up south."

And if, a few years hence, someone informs you that they are going out for a buffalo hunt, don't immediately call for a straight-jacket; it may quite possibly be true.

BEGINNING TO PALL

She—"Is that a popular song he is singing?"

He—"It was before he began singing it."—Irish World.

"Travelling develops a man's mind."
"Yes; particularly his imagination!"

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UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

REAL FORTITUDE

The new Carlyle book again tells the story of the burning of part of his great work, "The French Revolution," and his fortitude on hearing of the loss. Dr. Cooper, however, who became Bishop of Lincoln in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, went one better than Carlyle. He republished Elyot's "Bibliothica Elyota," and after devoting eight years to the collection of the materials for his work, his wife, who did not share his ambitions, went one day into the library and burnt every note he had prepared. The doctor, when he found out what had been done, merely said: "Dinah, thou has given me a world of trouble," and

then gave himself up to another eight years of close study in order to replace the notes which had been burnt.

Brown: "What's that piece of cotton tied round your finger for?" Brunt: "My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter." Brown: "And did you post it?" Brown: "No; she forgot to give it to me!"

First Traveller: "What are you writing down?" Second Traveller: "I'm making a note of a few things that have made an indelible impression upon my memory, so that I sha'n't forget them."

Lily Morris Twenty Years After

Schoolgirl Singer to Famous Comedy Star

By KENNEDY CRONE

WHEN Lily Morris, the famous English comedienne, was in Montreal the other day, on her first visit to Canada, I gave her a shock that I feel she will remember for some time.

To get the understanding of it, it is necessary to go back twenty years.

At that time Lily Morris was singing and dancing in a pantomime (one of those Old Country mixtures of burlesque and musical comedy rather loosely pinned to some nursery tale) at the Princess's Theatre in Glasgow. The pantomime was "Mother Hubbard," and ran for perhaps ten weeks.

She was just a schoolgirl breaking into public favor, the daughter of stage folk with whom she had appeared since she was eight years of age. I was a young reporter "doing" second-class police districts and second-class music-halls. The combination was useful. When I forgot my pass (passes and umbrellas have al-

ways been things my memory failed on), and some front-door or stage-door keeper was inclined to be haughty, I called the nearest policeman and had him escort me in state to the manager, who would generally want me to have a drink or a cigar, or something else I didn't use. The nerve of young reporters! My, but I could tell some yarns of those days!

Lily was so girlish and lovely on and off the stage, with the complexion and bright, clear eyes of a country maiden, so obviously trying hard to make good, so frank and ingenuous and chummy, that all the young reporters were eating out of her hand. Looking back, even at this late, sedate date, I can't blame them! These striplings were putting across, on more or less cynical editors, all sorts of publicity for Lily. I think she was largely unconscious of a great deal of this devotion. She had not reached the age or the state where she looked on a reporter as so many lines or degrees of

advertising. She liked reporters because they liked her, and she would probably have liked my Highland policemen equally well for the same reason. The house staff, from manager to call-boy, were her retinue of willing slaves.

The first time I met her, the manager, a breezy person named Waldon, rushed me into her dressing room without warning and with the rawest of introductions. We were both embarrassed.

"You are getting the crowd out front to-night," I said, when the stiffness wore off.

And she said: "I'm so glad. I do try to please them; they are so encouraging. I hope I shall not get conceited! Old hands tell me about the cold and critical Scots. I am English, but I am not afraid of them. They are really soft-hearted and kindly. They must be, or they wouldn't be so good to me!"

When she left Glasgow that year she sent me her signed photograph and the nicest letter. Then I moved to Canada and have been completely out of her ken ever since. The following year and the year after she returned to Glasgow, and the grey city on the Clyde eventually sent her forth as a star of the first magnitude. She is now spoken of as the second Marie Lloyd, is at present on a tour of Canada, the United States and Australia, and has contracts ahead to 1928.

Lily Morris was almost ready for outdoors when I tapped at her dressing-room door in the Princess's Theatre a few days ago; twenty years and three thousand miles away from the other Princess's Theatre.

"Come in," she said.

As I entered without saying a word, she rose from her chair with a puzzled look, and, said quietly, as she extended her hand: "I know you. But when — where? No, don't tell me your name! Let me think, let me think! Oh, I can't recall, and I know I should recall."

"I could not expect you to remember me," I said; "I am only one of thousands of passing incidents in your life."

"But I do," she said; "my only excuse is that you have changed. It must be a long time since we met."

"Twenty years."

"Twenty years! Good heavens! Now, I know you, K. C.! Sit down and tell me where you've been and what you've done. You have altered, of course. I,

*Your very sincerely,
Lily Morris
1905*



Lily Morris, the schoolgirl, singing and dancing her way into public favor at the Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, twenty years ago. This is the original photograph given to Mr. Crone.

too — but tell me where you've been and what you've done."

"Don't get to crying about it," I said; "you'll muss your make-up."

"I'm not crying. I'm just glad. I've got no make-up on to spoil, anyway. Besides, I'll cry if I want to."

"I am afraid that you are just a school-girl at heart yet!"

"I am afraid that you lie as effectively as ever."

Then I had to tell her a lot of nonsense about myself before I could bring her round to her own affairs. That always was like Lily Morris, and I suppose always shall be.

"Now I'll tell you how you have changed in twenty years."

"I'm not sure that I want to know."

"Are you afraid?"

"Afraid you'll lie."

"I'll be as coldly official as a professional appraiser."

"All right; tell me."

"Your profile is unaltered; I once knew a budding artist who raved about it. He swore you would be a famous beauty when you grew up. Your complexion, your hair and your eyes are still the same. Voice and manner are more mature. You are about ten pounds heavier. You seem only five years older."

"Charming! As I said before, I am afraid that you lie as effectively as ever."

"No, no. If I didn't believe that, I'd stall, step around, wouldn't I? I propose to prove publicly that my description is right. I am going to publish your photograph as you are. I don't want any of your theatrical pictures. You will get your photograph taken right here in Montreal. I want it profile. It must be an untouched photograph."

"Cheek! But I'll take your dare!"

"You can safely take it."

"Let it pass. You know how I liked the Scots. I liked them so well that I married one of them three years after you left! He is probably around the stage door now waiting for me. I really meant to be a good, home-cooking person, and left the stage for three years. But the clamor came after me and I was tempted to return. Since then it has been success after success. For years I have not been obliged to earn my living, but the grip of the stage is on me — I love the work."

"This is my first visit to Canada. I was in the States before; felt awfully nervous about going, but the act clicked beautifully. Everywhere on this side I meet hundreds of Old Country friends, and American and Canadian friends I made at home during the war."

"Just last night Scottish voices were shouting to me from the orchestra and the gods. I felt like crying about them. There's something wonderful about these

old friends three thousand miles from the homeland. English I am, but the Scots mothered me as a child, brought me to womanhood, and sent me on a career."

"Do I remember giving you my photograph? Oh, yes! I put 'Yours very sincerely, Lily Morris' on it, didn't I? What!

"And the 'Good Old Summer-time.' Let me sing it again, softly, or the stage manager will wonder what's going on in here. . . .

Quite inconsistently, the tears were standing in her eyes as she sang the cheerful tune. Her husband, coming in



Lily Morris, famous comedy star, in an untouched photograph taken for Mr. Crone when she was appearing at the Princess Theatre in Montreal the other week. Note the change in the handwriting from the precise schoolgirl style of twenty years ago.

You have it yet! Where? Here? Let me see it! Oh, look at that old hat! And there were no shingles then! By the way, do you note that my hair is neither shingled nor bobbed? I wanted to bob it, but the theatrical photographers wouldn't hear of it!

"Do you remember my first song, 'My Soldier Boy'? It ran like this. . . .

at this time, observed that "Lily was as soft and mushy as ever."

"Just the same person," I corroborated.

"Well, I'm satisfied," said Lily. "What's the use of being happy, and trying to make others happy, unless you can cry as well as laugh when you want to show you're happy? You men never will understand the women!"

STATISTICS PROVE ANYTHING

Old Uncle Eben Jones went into a life-insurance office and requested a policy.

"Why, uncle," said the president, "you are too old for us to take the risk. How old are you?"

"Ninety-seven come next August," said the old man, and added testily: "If you folks will take the trouble to look up

your statistics, you'll find that mighty few men die after they're ninety-seven." —Earth Mover.

IT'S ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

"Before you get one," writes S. H., "they are 'those confounded autos'; after you get one they are 'these darn fool pedestrians.'" —Boston Transcript.

"A Grey City By A Grey Sea"

Written for *Canadian Railroader*, by MADELEINE DE SOYRES.

THE Maritime Provinces and their claims are attracting considerable attention in other parts of the Dominion just now, causing people, ordinarily not particularly interested, to express a certain degree of curiosity about this region, as though they were hearing of a new district for the first time. This attitude on the part of certain dwellers in "Upper Canada" is not looked upon with favor by your true "blue-nose," who is weary of explaining that New Brunswick is not situated in Labrador or adjacent to Newfoundland; that Saint John does not spell itself with an apostrophe "s" as do the other places of similar title in Canada; and that the sea coast is not enveloped in a soup-like fog the year round. But all traditions die hard, the world over, so it is well to divest our minds of prejudice concerning this really remarkable corner of the Dominion and prepare ourselves for a most agreeable surprise.

American tourists, who arrive in flocks upon the shores of the Bay of Fundy each summer, know far more than do most Canadians about the romantic past attached to the old city of Saint John. They revel in its quaintness, in the bracing freshness of the salt air and the rare beauty of the scenery. They go about armed with Baedeker and kodak, and not a legend nor a shrine of romance is left uninvestigated. Saint John enjoys the unusual distinction of being a perfect playground during the

summer months, reverting in the autumn to a busy centre of commerce and channel for all the traffic diverted from Montreal and Quebec. In the summer, then, is the time to appreciate to the full the romantic glamor which clings about its grey streets and harbor.

Whittier, one of the most noted American poets, has celebrated Saint John in verse in which he says of its early days:

"Half veiled in the smoke cloud
Her hand grasped the pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon."

For Saint John's history is one of bloodshed, intrigue, sacrifice and bitter struggle for many decades, beginning as far back as the time when New Brunswick was part of old Acadie, conveyed by grant from Henry the 4th of France, and continuing until well on in the 18th century. The authentic history begins in 1534 when Jacques Cartier sighted the shores of New Brunswick, but it was not until 1604 that it was actually discovered and named by Champlain and de Monts. They chose the name Saint John because they arrived at this spot on June 24th, St. John's Day. These two explorers spent the following winter, it is interesting to note, on the Bay of Fundy and passed the time by writing a series of papers under the title of "Maitre Guillaume" which they undertook, they said, "in order that the spirit might be sustained by sundry pleasantries." There is no question that this was the fore-

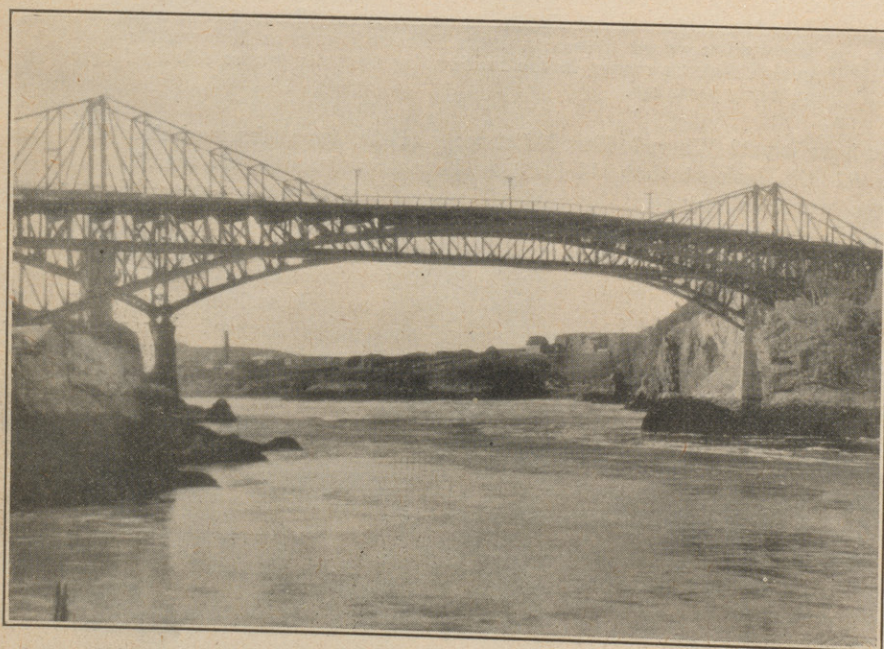
runner of all the periodicals of this continent!

Possibly there is not another leaf in Canadian history so absorbingly interesting as the story of the struggle which took place between Charles de la Tour and his hated rival, d'Aulnay Charnisay, both of whom had come out from France in charge of expeditions. The story of their feud is the embodiment of a thrilling historical novel which is still unwritten. It was in 1631 that de la Tour arrived at Saint John and built himself a fort on what is now the present harbor and for some years he and his wife lived happily, carrying on a lucrative fur trade with the Mic-Mac Indians. Over across the Bay at Port Royal there lived la Tour's sworn foe and rival, the Chevalier d'Aulnay Charnisay, who had much powerful influence in France.

For some reason he could not rest until he had attacked the little fort and brought with him some 500 men in six ships, but la Tour succeeded in frustrating this attempt. Charnisay by no means abandoned the idea of capturing the fort and two years later tried again, at a time when he knew la Tour was away. With a tiny force Madame la Tour held out successfully against him for some time, hoping against hope for her husband's return, but one night a Swiss sentry accepted a bribe from Charnisay and through his treachery the fort was captured.

Brave Madame la Tour was treated with comparative respect by Charnisay but he obliged her to see each man of her small garrison hanged before her eyes. The shock was too great and she died shortly afterwards of a broken heart. Thereupon Charnisay destroyed the little fort and built himself another.

Retribution followed swiftly for he died in 1650, and his widow promptly married de la Tour who thereby regained his lost domains. One year later, however, Oliver Cromwell sent over an expedition to seize Acadia, including the fort, and so ended the last chapter of la Tour's career. From 1690 until 1758 "the hot breath of the cannon" was a frequent sound in and about the mouth of the Saint John river. One struggle after another took place both on land and on water and to this day one of the hills bears its cannon and its ruined fort—memento of those days. Fort Howe, on the hill in question, was erected in 1775, and in this connection there is an-



The mouth of the St. John River. Here are the famous Reversing Falls and the two new bridges.



"The tall ships" of Saint John, Canada's "winter port" which never freezes over.

other story, in its way as romantic as that of la Tour, which will stand repeating in this record. On the crest of this hill there is a well known as "Jenny's Spring" and those who recall the name of William Cobbett, the famous British parliamentarian and writer, will remember that passage in "Advice to Young Men and Women" in which Cobbett describes his courtship and marriage, in which Saint John figures.

"It was the dead of winter," wrote Cobbett, "and of course the snow was several feet deep on the ground and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill called Fort Howe, at the foot of which our barracks lay. It was hardly light, but 'she' was out on the snow scrubbing out a wash-tub at a spring. 'That's the girl for me,' said I." About six months later Cobbett's regiment removed to Fredericton while the girl herself returned to England. He sent her the whole of his savings, amounting to 150 guineas, begging her not to spare the money but to buy herself good clothes and to live without hard work. Nevertheless, when he returned at the end of four years to England, he found his little girl a servant of all work at five pounds a year, and "she put into my hand the whole of my 150 guineas unbroken," concludes Corbett! It is satisfactory to know that the romance of Jenny's Spring resulted in one of the happiest marriages possible, and Cobbett's tributes to his wife are among the most affecting in all English biography.

But to return to Saint John. Another name of interest historically in connection with the city is that of General Benedict Arnold who lived there between

the years 1786 and 1791, conducting a shop on what is now called Broad Street. Arnold, it will be remembered, was unsuccessful in gaining command of a body of troops sent to take Fort Ticonderoga in 1775 by the American government. He had been supplanted, much to his displeasure, by Ethan Allen, and so, angered at this blow to his pride and military prestige, he got together an expedition of his own and made a sortie to Saint John, which he captured. But it was not until five years after this that he turned traitor to his country in revenge for what he considered his humiliation by the continental congress, and actually surrendered control of the Hudson river to the enemy. His stay in Saint John was subsequent to this act.

But far transcending these names in historic interest was the arrival of the five thousand United Empire Loyalists whose descendants are numbered among the leading families of New Brunswick. They landed in 1783 at what is now called Market Slip, which is marked to-day with a massive boulder in the rough, bearing an inscription. The population thereupon jumped from 800 souls in 1782 to 11,457 in the following year! And New Brunswick was made a separate province at this time.

This first settlement was called Parr Town, but on May 18th, 1785, it was rechristened and given the same name as the river and received its charter, so that Saint John is therefore the oldest incorporated town in Canada.

The Napoleonic wars and that of 1812 with the United States retarded the progress of the young community and of this particular period there is still another interesting relic, namely, the Martello Tower, built on the highest point overlooking the western side of the harbor. Its massive walls and solid interior are evidence of an architecture which is little known in these days.

In the heart of the city today there is a quiet space of velvet green lawns and spreading trees where lie buried many hundreds of the Loyalists who abandoned homes and property to retain their fidelity to their King. The inscriptions are still legible and are often pathetic in their austere simplicity. The first known interment was that of one Coonrast Hendricks, who departed this life in July, 1784. One of the quaintest of these inscriptions runs thus:

"Sacred to the memory of Ralph Chartres, Master Mariner, native of North Shields, England, who departed this life



The Loyalist burying ground, where many of the U. E. Loyalists lie at rest.

October 17, 1824, universally respected and deeply regretted.

Full forty years I've ploughed the sea
Many's the voyage I've bore
God pleased to save one from the deep
And bring me to the shore.

"While anchored here below I lie
My voyage is o'er you see.
Brother mariners all who look on this
Prepare to follow me."

This pungent commentary may be read on another stone:

"Farewell vain world I know of thee
I'm careless now whate'er thou says't of me.

They smiles I count not, neither they
frowns I fear,

My cares is gone, my head lies quiet
here.

What fault you know in me take care
to show

And look at home, enough there's to be
done."

Saint John today no longer lives on the traditions of the past, but is a most progressive centre of mercantile activity. Its harbor, which never freezes over, is congested from early fall until late spring with ships from every country in the world. Last year the largest dry dock in the world was completed there, and this summer a new hotel, built on a most elaborate scale, opened its doors. Everyone has heard of the phenomenon at the mouth of the Saint John river popularly known as the Reversing Falls which yearly lures a profitable army of tourists.

There are those who with only a short time at their disposal have visited the falls at half tide and have come away with the feeling that the Psalmist was not altogether wrong in his estimation of all men! But it should be pointed

out that when the tide in the harbor is at its lowest or again at its highest, then is the time to go and view the tossing, seething maelstrom of whirlpools, running uphill or down according as the tide is in or out. Two visits are necessary to appreciate the real beauty of this unusual sight.

There is a certain whirlpool below the falls known in la Tour's time and called "the pot." Floating timber has been often caught in it and kept in a whirling circle for days and weeks. One great tree is known to have been so caught for years and in connection with that tree is told a story. The Indians called it Manitou, or "the Devil," and sought to propitiate the evil spirit that lodged in it by offering homage of beaver skins which they attached to the tree by means of an arrow-head made of sharpened moose bone.

Legends concerning a supernatural being called Glooscap cluster round the falls and the river, for Glooscap was supposed to possess marvellous powers, and in the body of an Indian watched over the welfare of the aboriginals. Lampman has retold in verse many of these primitive tales of folk lore, including several describing this god.

There is no apparent connection between the romance of the past and the prosaic present, yet the two are blended in the old Market located in the centre of the city. Here all the finest produce of the province is exposed for sale and the visitor is delightfully regaled with pungent aromas of herbs, fruits, flowers, meats and vegetables, delectably arranged on "stalls" occupying several aisles. Here, on Saturdays especially, the country folk bring their wares, including gayly colored sheepskin rugs,

and the Indians also ply their trade in baskets and wickerwork. At one end the spoils of the Saint John harbor are displayed for sale,—monster salmon, codfish, mackerel and herring—and no better fish is sold anywhere in the world. The weirs from which much of the catch is taken, jut out picturesquely along the coast in spiral curves hung with nets. The fishermen row out at half tide each day to gather in the harvest, which at full moon in August reaches a colossal volume.

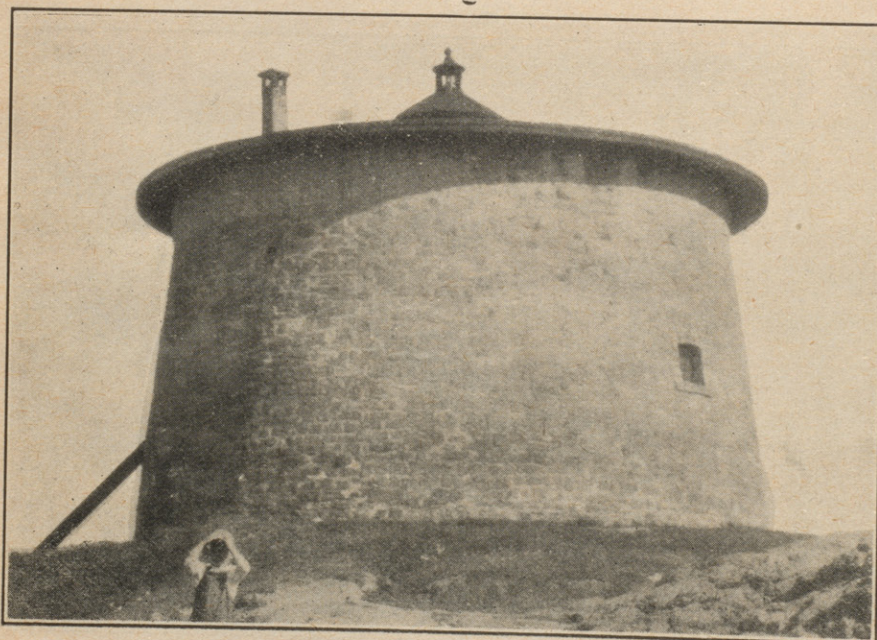
One is inclined to feel that though Bliss Carman's lines about Saint John are memorable they may nevertheless be responsible for the legend of perpetual fog. On sunny summer days, however, it is difficult to reconcile the dazzling beauty of the blue-green Bay dancing and sparkling in the sunshine with Carman's picture of "this grey port of the grey sea," but he was utterly right in his charming recollection of those "dreams," that "go down the harbor with the tall ships of Saint John." For all its traffic and bustle, Saint John is literally and in the truest sense a "port of dreams," in whose shadows romance and history are inseparable companions.

THE SPATS MAKE A SHOWING

Among the good-humored bits of memorabilia that Sir James Denham has put into his "Memoirs of the Memorable" is this little tale of the effect that white spats—when they were first introduced—had on the simple minds of those who were not prepared for them. Going down to Buckinghamshire for a garden party in the middle of a London season, writes Sir James, we went down in London dress. I had white spats on. During the afternoon my host asked a number of us to come and see the young pheasants; he said he had a very good Irish gamekeeper. We had scarcely appeared in the preserves when the keeper, much excited, came rushing up to me. "Excuse me, sorr; come this way, come on, sorr, quickly this way. Get into the bushes where the ladies can't see yer!" He was dreadfully agitated and for fear he should have a fit I followed him into the laurels. Leaning toward me, he whispered: "I would not for the life of me the ladies saw yer, for ye've got the last taste of yer drawers showin' benathe yer trousers."

The deadly tsetse fly of the jungles is said to have been given its double name from the short sharp sound which it makes twice in quick succession.

The famous old Roman road, Via Appia, is 2,000 years old, and is still in a marvellously good state of repair.



Martello Tower, (Built in 1812) overlooking the Harbor.

The Influence of Wembley

By E. L. CHICANOT, author of "Canada's Eternal City," "The Opportunity in Farm Labor," Etc.

THE great pageant at Wembley is drawing to a close and the British Empire Exhibition will shortly be a thing of the past. It is pertinent now to ask if the great exposition has been justified from the Canadian point of view, and what return the Dominion can expect from the two years of heavy expenditure and zealous work on the part of specialized staffs.

A great many Canadians already have their minds made up. The opinion is too prevalent that the exhibition in its second year of operation has not been a success. People read of the figures of attendance, compare them disadvantageously with those of the previous year, and neglecting the possibility of other factors entering into the situation, leap to the conclusion that the people of the British Isles lost interest in the affair and that it has been a failure. One has to dig down into the heart of things and take into the reckoning many intangible factors to arrive at anything like a just comprehension of what Wembley accomplished for Canada and the broader work it will continue to accomplish for the

Dominion in the future when the exhibition itself will have been largely forgotten.

The phrase, "Wembley is not paying" can be read in different ways and a variety of significances be taken from it. From the standpoint of the broad-minded, Imperial-thinking interests who, in the face of a deficit in the first year of operation, decided to carry on the exhibition for a second year, it will hardly pay financially. Similarly, from the standpoint of the various operators of the Amusement Park it is to be anticipated that the answer will be in the negative. But from the standpoint of the various Canadian exhibitors, who likewise invested heavily in the exhibition, a close investigation leads one to the unquestionable conclusion that Wembley has paid and will continue to pay. In the broader consideration that the exhibition was primarily established to further cement the ties of Empire, to make each constituent better known to the others, and to promote their individual interests, Wembley has from the Canadian point of view been indisputably a success.

Canadian labor and expenditure have been most fully justified. It can be safely said that more people saw the exhibits in the Canadian buildings than those of any other Dominion or possession. This was partly adventitious and in part due to foresight and preparation. The outstanding popularity of Canada was markedly evident in discussing Wembley in all parts of England. People who had visited the exhibition limited their praise to three countries, these being in order Canada, Australia and India. New visitors came bent on seeing these three in the same order.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, by fairly accurate calculation, estimated that one-third of the total of daily visitors consistently found its way into the railway building. It would be quite conservative, therefore, to say that one-half of Wembley visitors saw some part of Canada as represented in the three buildings. This is a highly gratifying proportion in a consideration of the large number of buildings, that several days were needed to do the exhibition in anything like an adequate manner, and that most



The Canadian Pacific Building, at Wembley.



Visitors examining the huge automatic map of Canada in the Canadian Pacific Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, 1925. This map is illuminated with five thousand electric lights.

visitors had only a single day at their disposal.

Many factors contributed to bringing about this eminently satisfactory situation. The first was the very high excellency of the Canadian pavilions and exhibits themselves, which in turn was probably in some measure due to the active competition in this direction between the Government and the two railways, a condition not found in the case of any other dominion on the ground. On every hand, in every part of the Kingdom, one heard purely disinterested opinion to the effect that the Canadian buildings and their exhibits were quite the finest at Wembley.

The peculiarly strategic position of the pavilions had something to do with the attendance. They were situated possibly more fortunately than any other on the grounds. The Canadian Pacific Railway building stood directly facing old London Bridge. From beneath this bridge, on the side of the building, poured all the arrivals by the underground railway. Over it travelled a large percentage of those who had arrived by the metropolitan railway, made their way to the British Government building by one entrance and left it on the other side, directly facing the bridge. Emerging from the Canadian Pacific building the natural thing was to pass into the other

Canadian buildings. Whether visitors had it in their minds or not on arrival the line of least resistance took them into the Canadian buildings. In its share of the general attendance Canada had certainly no reason for dissatisfaction.

This attendance during the 1924 opening averaged roughly 150,000 per day, which was considered in comparison with previous exhibitions of a like magnitude to be quite satisfactory. The average daily attendance in 1925 has been only about one-third of this which has resulted in the general impression that a mistake had been made in running the exhibition a second year. Yet moving about and discussing the matter with various exhibitors they are found to be more pleased with 1925 than 1924. They point to more tangible results, to more numerous orders taken, a greater volume of actual profitable business transacted.

Benefits of Second Year

If the first year of the British Empire Exhibition is to be considered a success, having regard to the objectives of its institution, the second year must also be considered so. Wembley was a different exhibition this year from what it was last. In 1924 the great bulk of the people regarded it simply as they had the other large expositions which had in the past located in London, a primary

focus of attraction and amusement. A large proportion of the visitors in that year would have gone to any other exhibition, regardless of the object. In 1925 it was in all senses a real Empire pageant and visitors were, for the main part, actuated by real imperial sentiment and an anxiety to learn something about the outlying Dominions. A greater percentage of people actually visited the buildings in an intelligent manner, and fewer found their way to the Amusement Park.

In the opinion of many in a position to judge Wembley, having regard to the work it set out to do, was too crowded in 1924. People moved about in masses, crowded uncomfortably into buildings, and lost time in queues waiting for refreshment. In 1925 it was possible to move round easily, with less fatigue and loss of time, with the result that visitors went through the buildings with greater facility and made the rounds of the exhibits in a much more adequate manner.

No one in attendance at any of the Canadian buildings and coming into intimate contact with the tide of visitors surging through could doubt the great and lasting benefit to Canada. It was indicated in every evidence of interest, in the voluminous amount of questioning, in the masses of literature carried

away for more leisurely digesting. The cinema hall of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the only one on the grounds, was crowded from noon to night by men, women and children moved by the appeal of the film and the eloquence of the lecturer. There was only a lesser interest in the individual Canadian industrial exhibits and one saw interested throngs continually before such essentially Canadian products as canoes, maple sugar, etc.

Tangible Results

Direct results were apparent. One casually ran into them continuously. It was not unusual to see a visitor who had sat fascinatedly through a film illustrating Canadian holiday possibility go down from the cinema hall to book a passage through to Canada with the object of touring there. On the boat returning one learnt through casual conversation of more than one individual who had been induced to take the trip and see Canada solely through what he had observed at Wembley. There is beyond question at the present time a greater interest in England than has ever before been exhibited in Canada as a country for touring and holidaying in, which is directly traceable to the British Empire Exhibition.

And yet it is in the indirect results that the true value of Wembley lies. Exhibitors acknowledged that they were not looking for direct returns, that anything like adequate justification for such an exhibition could not be expected for five,

ten, fifteen years. The exhibition has been merely sowing seed. The crop will be harvested when the exhibition itself will be but a dim memory. The people of the British Isles have seen Canada represented in the completest, most adequate, and most appealing manner possible, and have carried away from Wembley lasting pictures and impressions of the Dominion. They have had their minds turned towards Canada as never before.

In this connection possibly one of the most valuable phases of the work done at Wembley has been that in regard to the juvenile element. A visitor from overseas could not but be impressed by the numbers of children at the exhibition, not only those accompanying parents but numerous classes of both sexes shepherded by teachers. And they were not to be found in the Amusement Park by any means. Between twenty and forty classes of children per day, it was estimated, visited the Canadian Pacific pavilion alone and stood enthralled before the giant illuminated map as the lecturer spoke briefly on the natural resources of the country, or saw the agricultural, industrial and scenic films in the cinema hall. They carried away with them shoals of literature. Those children have today a much clearer appreciation of Canada and every phase of her life than it was the fortune of the older generation to receive, and the Dominion has every justification for expecting a great deal at their hands in the future.

Altogether, a stay at the Canadian buildings at Wembley followed by a visit to the provinces leaves the conviction that a greater and wider knowledge on Canada exists in the British Isles than before and a more sympathetic interest has been developed in a large section of the people. England for the first time has really seen something of Canada and carried away into the corners of the little island the most favorable of impressions. Canada has every reason to be satisfied. Never was advertisement more adequate or potent. Canada, formerly a mere name, has become something tangible. The results of this are being seen already. They will become increasingly evident in the years to come.

ANOTHER ADDITION

A tailor called upon one of his customers with his bill. The customer was in bed. "You've brought your account, have you?" he asked. "Yes, sir; I really want some money." "Open my secrétaire!" said the customer. "You see that drawer?" The tailor opened one, expecting to find it full of cash. "No—not that one—the other!" The tailor opened the second, which, like the first, was empty. The tailor opened another. "What do you see there?" asked the debtor. "Papers—lots of them," said the caller. "Ah, yes—that's right! They're bills. Put yours in with them. Good-bye!"



General view of Treasure Island at the British Empire Exhibition, showing the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

This Smaller World

By CHARLES W. STOKES

MY little friend Alec is the proud possessor of one of those amazing toy trains that still, despite countless other mechanical outlets, enchain the heart of boyhood. While toy trains exist, boys will still regard transportation as fundamentally based upon something that runs on land, and runs upon tracks.

An electric plug and a small transformer bring to the lad's obedience the resources of the household electric light supply; he presses a switch, and a miniature electric locomotive pulls a train of five cars—replicas of the equipment of a famous railway system, complete down to the doors that open and shut—endlessly round and round a third-rail track. Station lights flash off and on; crossing bells ring as the train approaches; semaphores wink red and green; switches open and close, tunnels offer their cavernous mouths, as the clever thing clatters along. Around its owner gather, with eager suggestions and itching fingers, not only his boy friends but their fathers.

II.

George Stephenson was born in 1781. A poor boy, his efforts towards self-improvement seem strongly reminiscent of Dr. Samuel Smiles' "Self Help" heroes or of their modern equivalents, the correspondence college graduates. Becoming interested in steam traction, he designed, in 1814, a locomotive that ran upon rails, and was subsequently engaged as chief engineer by the projectors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. Their original plan had been for rolling stock hauled by horses; but over their track, about 38 miles long, including branches, one of Stephenson's locomotives hauled a train of 34 vehicles on September 27th, 1825. The total weight of the train was about 90 tons, and it attained a speed of between ten and twelve miles per hour. Modern transportation can thus be said to be exactly one hundred years old.

Time's Revenges

And right away we shall part company with George Stephenson. His later career was profitable and distinguished, and he reaped many of the financial results of his inventions. It was said of him that he put the stage-coaches out of business, and reduced the fine roads of England to a state of semi-desuetude. Time has worked its own revenges; for later modes of transportation have not only diverted an enormous volume of hauled traffic from the railways back

to the highways, but have also created an incalculable amount of new business which never knew the railways.

The "Rocket," Stephenson's famous prize locomotive, did very little itself to accelerate the vast social changes that separate 1925 from 1825; but that our hurried, myopic outlook upon life is far more different from the outlook of Samuel Pickwick or Charles Lamb than were theirs from Xenophon's, and that this abrupt speeding-up process coincides with the development of rapid transit, no one will take the trouble to deny.

Humanity, please notice, has always been willing to go to almost any degree to avoid walking. No one denies that, either. Steam, electric and gasoline transportation have done nothing to alter that elementary hostility to pedestrianism, except to quicken it. At all times, of course, conquerors and aristocrats have ridden, ridden in chariots, on elephants, or in automobiles, high over the heads of the foot-soldiers and the populace—have ridden, even, in tumbrils to the guillotine. In mediaeval cities, cleanliness as much as distance dictated that those who wanted unsoiled clothes should ride. From the earliest days of civilization there have been primitive forms of transportation provided for the movement of merchandize in bulk. But humanity has always disliked walking, and the "open road" school of literature, which has produced some of the finest essays in our language, is really part affection.

Is the quickening of life since 1825 the cause or the effect of more rapid transit? Cause and effect in this case interlock. The generation which saw the first hackney cabriolet may have opposed the introduction of that vehicle far longer than the earlier nineteen-hundreds hesitated at patronizing the taxi-cab; but since transportation received its great quickening, every new form of vehicle is the logical outcome of a previous form. Sedan chair, hackney cab, hansom, taxi-cab—thus runs the parentage. Each vehicle probably typifies the spirit of its age, the first three part of a gentler process of evolution than from the "growler" of the late 'nineties to the perky taxi-cab.

III.

Consider now the few forms of transportation in use before the steam locomotive. On land, horses, mules and oxen provided the only means of transport, except in those countries which had camels or elephants. By the beginning of last

century, horse transportation had reached a fairly highly developed system of fast coaches, operating over regular routes; but those coaches did not travel at a greater speed than of about eight or ten miles an hour. On the sea, there were then fast clipper ships that under the most favorable conditions of wind and weather took from four to five weeks to cross the Atlantic.

Two or three centuries before that, sailing ships were much more primitive, and coaches were not invented. The Romans and the Greeks had swift, many-oared galleys, but they had comparatively few horses, which were used principally for battle or by rich men. The great Appian Way to Italy was a very good road for its time, but when St. Paul landed in Italy, it was by walking along the Appian Way that he reached Rome.

Lack of transportation then meant also lack of communication. After Alexander the Great had defeated the Persians at the battle of Arbela, he marched to India. He was gone seven years, during which Greece heard practically nothing of him until they received belated news of his death. The world was much larger in those days than it is now, when you can, on the radio, "tune in" to Havana, San Francisco, Japan or London.

Travel in Olden Days

It took Columbus two months and nine days to cross the Atlantic. When one Oriental king visited another, such as illustrated in the Fairbanks film "The Thief of Bagdad," he travelled in a vast cavalcade of palanquins, camels and horse and foot soldiers, with the baggage borne behind on mules. If they made an average of 20 miles per day they were lucky. When the Crusaders of mediaeval Europe went on their crusades, they were away for several years.

Even in the days immediately before the introduction of steam, when coaching had reached its zenith, when relays of fast horses were stationed at frequent intervals on the popular routes, travel was very slow. The journey from London to Manchester, a distance of about 200 miles, took 4½ days in 1784 by the fast "mail coach." Even with the famous coaches of the Pickwickian era (1828-30), it took Mr. Pickwick and his friends (as the assiduous Dickensian can work out for himself) from about breakfast time until 3 p.m. to cover the distance from London to Dingley Dell at Christmas. This was a distance of presumably forty miles.

Transferring our review to this continent, it is recorded that when General Wolseley marched from Port Arthur, at the head of Lake Superior, to Fort Garry—which now is Winnipeg—in 1870, to crush the Riel Rebellion, it took his army, travelling on foot or by canoe, from June 30th to August 27th to make that journey. That is to say, it took them 58 days to travel about 450 miles. By train this journey is now made in 10¼ hours.

It is, in fact, almost impossible to conceive of modern life without its elaborate machinery of transportation. Transportation is not only as necessary as food; it also plays the most important part in the distribution of food. And then think of its multiform shapes! On the oceans are steamships, varying from the enormous liners, capable of moving almost ten thousand people at one time, down to the tramp steamers that perform the less spectacular task of moving the world's merchandize.

Besides these, there are still hundreds of staunch sailing craft; on our canals are thousands of barges. On land, there are steam and electric railways, trolley cars, automobiles, motorbuses, motor trucks, bicycles, motor bicycles, horses, ox-carts, jinrickshas, and sleighs. Above us in the air are planes, airships and elevated railways. In the earth below are subways and "tubes"—under the sea, submarines. In the United States alone, nearly 3,065,000 men are engaged in the task of providing some form or other of transportation; in Canada, nearly 300,000.

IV.

Advantage or Otherwise?

Whether or not we are better off with rapid transit, no one can with exactness say. The cynics and the sentimentalists may bemoan this present industrial age, and yearn for the days of "Cranford," when the visible world was virtually confined to one's own community, when one lived and dressed off the land, and when export sales and mass production were unknown; but as almost none of us has lived long enough to try both systems, it is impossible to establish a fair comparison.

The world was much smaller then than now, intellectually and socially; it was, in fact, not one world, but a series of small worlds, each inhabited by isolated groups, each walled in by a fog of intense ignorance. A trip to the capital was the event of a lifetime, an event both costly and hazardous; and the cultural developments which centred in the capital took a long, long time to reach the provinces.

Perhaps the human race was happier because of this isolation—perhaps not. All their enjoyments, all their recreations, they found within the borders of their own parish; their friends they

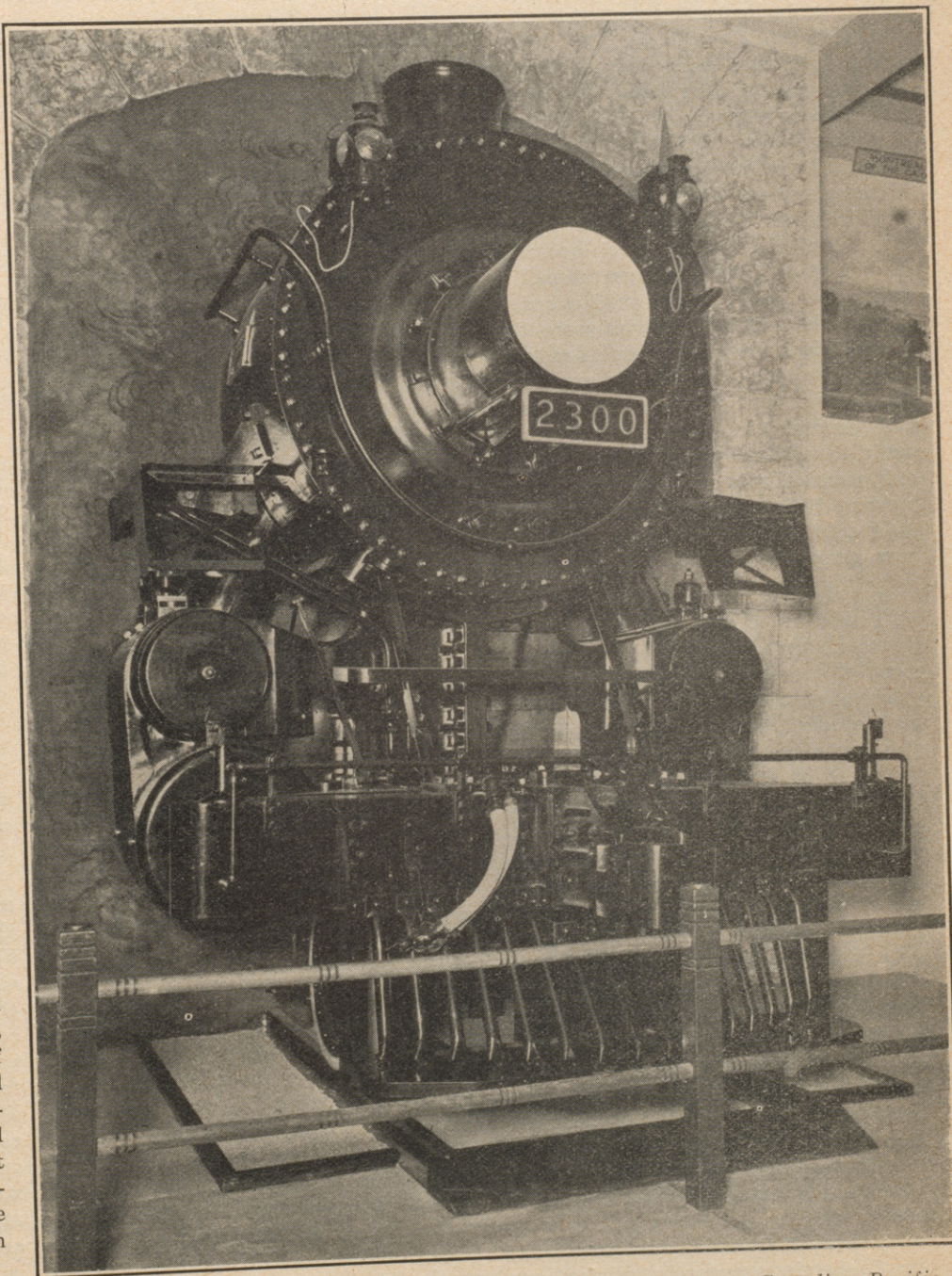
visited by walking across the fields. We nowadays can scarcely pay such a visit to our fewer friends without first telephoning to make sure they are not at a movie, and then taking a street-car.

One of the principal changes effected by rapid transportation was in the field of government. During the thousand preceding years, world power had belonged chiefly to those countries which possessed a favorable coast-line and had been able to build up a dominating sea-power. But the locomotive, the steamship, the telegraph and the airplane have made it as easy to govern a country four million square miles in area as to govern one, two hundred years ago, of

forty thousand square miles—and equally, to govern it just as easily from a point three thousand miles away.

V.

The cost of living is much higher now than it was ten years ago. For this (apart from war causes) transportation is largely blamed, for railway passenger and freight rates were materially advanced in order to keep pace with rising labor costs, and have never receded to pre-war levels. But transportation is not really to blame, and never was; it was a popular trick in the boom cities of the West, for example, when the customer complained of the high price of, say, a



An exact replica of a giant Canadian Pacific locomotive in the Canadian Pacific pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, 1925. Ingenious mechanism makes this engine appear as if in operation. Emerging from a tunnel she blows her whistle, rings her cow-bell and emits puffs of smoke, characteristic of a real loco in motion.

pair of shoes, to lead him aside and whisper significantly, "High freight rates!" The freight on a pair of shoes amounted, as a matter of fact, to an infinitesimal number of cents or fractional parts of cents.

What makes the price of food high, aside from market fluctuations, is the cumbersome system of distribution. Vegetables, meat, and dairy products entering a large city must necessarily now pass through a large number of intermediate profit-takers. Where transportation does directly affect the high cost of living is in creating high-rent areas. To get to one's daily work, one is compelled to live either in such high-rent areas, close to convenient transportation, or in low-rent areas situated at a considerable distance.

The seven a.m. street-car, inbound, or the five p.m. car, outbound—the workman's transportation—is indeed evidence of the revolutions wrought by transportation. These men in former times—and in these present times in some lands—lived in hovels clustering around the factory. But the factory now draws its workers from long distances as well as its raw material. Transportation has, in fact, made modern industrial production possible. Manufactured products are useless to humanity unless they are distributed; food is feeding no one unless it has been hauled. The resources of the world have been subjugated; mines, forests, prairies, seas and water-powers are yielding their wealth to those who will go and fetch it, and to fetch it men are now compelled.

Transportation Facilities

The history of land settlement on this great continent condenses to the development of transportation facilities. Empires have opened up when railways have reached them. The "'49ers," the pioneers of the "Covered Wagon" period, were shrewd men who built upon the strongest of foundations, but the land they colonized might well be in the centre of Africa if the only means of access were still the ox-cart. Their land products would be almost valueless to them from the cash-register angle, for the cost of transportation under ox-cart conditions would be enormous; and conversely, the development of their territory by continuous immigration would be retarded. No one would care to move to the middle west if it were not possible to sell the only things one could produce. A comparison of freight rates on wheat during the last half century will reveal the steady reduction in that rate.

Our breakfast table, our grapefruit, our California oranges in winter, our sea-food delivered fresh a thousand miles inland, reveal some striking changes of the railway era. The problem of get-

ting food, especially perishable food, into a large city is really one of transportation. If you can imagine the railways into New York broken down for a week, New York, in spite of the motor truck services, would be like a beleaguered fortress. Street cars become overcrowded at rush hours—Broadway is compelled to adopt one-way traffic; and do not forget that although an airplane can fly over 200 miles an hour, the American round-the-world flight took five months.

Since no one now except the farmer—and he to only a very limited extent—is self-contained, neither producing his own food nor manufacturing his own clothes, transportation is the chief factor that enables us to live at all. Even

down mighty rivers. She cannot, in fact, write and mail a letter without setting in motion a most delicate and intricate system of transportation and delivery.

VI.

One hesitates at any attempt to predict the future of transportation. Has it not, perhaps, in its manifold shapes, reached almost the limits of its possible development? The sea, the earth, the sky, are full of transportation; the only changes that can be foreseen are the quickening of land transit, by such means as gyroscopic railways, and the practical application of aeronautics to commerce. Commercial flying will never really compete with existing mediums of freight or passenger haulage until operating costs are reduced sufficiently to meet the much lower "earth" rates.

The diversion of passenger business from the railways to automobiles and buses will doubtless continue, to be followed perhaps by freight; but that the railways are not downhearted by the prospect (except as it affects passenger business on their branch lines) is indicated by the fact that the railways of the United States and Canada have announced their intention of spending in 1925 the sum of \$1,350,000,000—15 per cent. more than in 1924—on additions and improvements to their properties.

On the sea, the change that is coming is undoubtedly the development of the motor ship, driven by internal combustion engines. A recent Lloyd's report, in fact, suggests the eventual disappearance of the steamship; for in the month of December, 1924, 32.75 per cent. of the vessels under construction in Great Britain, and about 65 per cent. of those in Denmark, Germany, Holland and Sweden were motor ships. A 23,000-ton motor passenger liner (the "Aorangi") is already in service between Vancouver and Australia. A great many steamships are already burning oil-fuel instead of coal for the generation of steam.

It is perhaps unlikely that any more super-liners of the "Majestic" or "Leviathan" type will be built. Their operation is very costly, and they are regarded by the lines which own them more as advertisements than as profit-making concerns. The future of Atlantic transportation, shipping men say, is in the twenty or twenty-five thousand ton type of oil-burning ship, travelling not so fast as the "greyhounds" and carrying only one cabin class—i.e., second and third instead of first, second and third; these, at any rate, are the only ships which are now making money.

It is probable, at any rate, that the next twenty-five years will not witness such a remarkable acceleration as has occurred since the general adoption of the internal combustion engine. Rather

SONG

HOW many times do I love thee,
dear?

Tell me how many thoughts
there be

In the atmosphere

Of a new-fall'n year,

Whose white and sable hours appear

The latest flake of Eternity:

So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?

Tell me how many beads there
are

In a silver chain

Of evening rain,

Unravell'd from the tumbling main,

And threading the eye of a yellow star:

So many times do I love again.

—Thomas Lovell Beddoes
(1803-49).

the stay-at-home, the "shut in,"—the elderly woman, for example, living peacefully in retirement, going nowhere, troubling the outside world not at all—has in her employ thousands of unseen men, laboring every hour at some form of transportation.

To supply her simple needs, mile-long freight trains crawl over interminable prairies, in order that she, as a unit amongst millions, may have bread. Farmers rise at icy dawns, and drive protesting teams, that she may have milk. Ships ply distant, coral-fringed oceans that she may have tea, coffee, sugar. Camels plod across Saharas, bringing her tropical fruit; sampans on the muddy water-ways of China bring her silks. Dog-teams and half-frozen men stagger across Alaska, almost stupefied with cold, bringing her furs. To furnish her morning newspaper, men cut corduroy roads into primeval forests and float logs

would one hazard the guess that the immediate future of transportation lies not so much in the invention of new means of getting about this well-provided Europe and North America as the provision of more and better facilities in the sparsely settled continents of South America and Australia or the backward continents of Asia and Africa.

VII.

The world has grown appreciably smaller during the past hundred years; it can perhaps grow no smaller from now on. The world, indeed, is changing, and there is the danger that unless we see it now, in one of these gorgeous round-the-world cruises that have become the vogue each winter, it will soon be not worth the trouble of seeing, for it will be standardized. But nevertheless, there is perhaps one sense in which the world is growing not smaller, but larger. While transportation decreases distances, it sometimes tends to demonstrate the amazing number of people there are in the world. This is the age of travel; and the more we travel, incited thereto by railway and steamship advertising, the more we are forced to realize the minuteness of the place we started from.

We have all had, I imagine, the experience of arriving in a strange city and of being shown over its sights—either in a sight-seeing “rubber neck” car at so much per head, or by a friend proud of his city and anxious to impress us. If we are important enough, the Chamber of Commerce or the Rotary Club probably makes our trip a triumphant procession to see their industries or their scenery. What a revelation such an excursion is! We see imposing streets whose very names have been until that moment unknown—parks, too, and beautiful residential districts. We meet local celebrities, millionaires or magnates, and confess to a hitherto complete ignorance of their existence. Back home, we thought our own local celebrities were so famous that their renown had penetrated to every corner of the earth; here in these new surroundings we need not ask if it has—we have only to reason that because there are equally notable men here, of whom we have never heard, to guess fairly accurately they have never heard of ours.

We thought our Main Street, our community efforts, were an evidence that our town was the leader of the nation. In this strange town, on this unknown Main Street, we find that exactly similar processes have been taking place. Humanity has been proceeding everywhere with its ceaseless task of making the best of its environment. The process of evolution has been taking place simultaneously in thousands of communities, each of which is independent of the influence

Comicalities at the Chemist's

By J. H. Y., in the Glasgow Weekly Herald.

FEW there are who would be inclined to bracket mirth and medicine as synonymous terms, but he would be a soulless sort of chemist indeed who had not many a quiet chuckle at his diverting experiences.

The very names given by customers to well-known articles are distinctly amusing. Children are the usual messengers who bring in these orthographic wonders, which are written invariably by their mothers. “Queen Anne” for quinine, “Collie Sin’s peels” for colocynth pills (Dr. Gregory’s), “Oh Dicky Long” for eau de Cologne, “Joker and clubs” for Jockey Club perfume, “Shell salts” for Rochelle salts, “Imperial powder” for antipyrin, and “calm fire” and “comfort” for camphor are everyday examples. “Sweet Spirit of Nature” is sweet spirits of nitre; “Canvas,” “Carman’s,” and “Candlemas” root stand for Calamus; and “Awfu’ canny wine” means Ipecacuanha. “Liquor Aye”—surely an ill-advice—is to a druggist merely an order for liquorice root; “gory lime” and “cobbler’s lime,” varied by “glory of rhyme” and “glory divine” are merely different methods of asking for some chloride of lime (bleaching powder); “Khan pepper” stands for Cayenne pepper; and “dissecting” powder is too well understood from the point of view of the unhappy insects.

“A powder for a lassie going on a year old,” and “a pouter for a bairn going on a week and a half,” suggest marvellous precocity, but make the parent’s meaning clear. Another anxious mother wrote:—“Would you give the girl a powder or something else; there is nothing lies on the stomic, and is very feafered, five years of age.” “Two-pence worth of oxalic acid,” wrote another.

that our own radiates. No one section of the world is endowed by nature with every advantage. If it were, the whole human race would eventually gravitate thither. Wheat and oranges do not grow side by side; even California has earthquakes, heat, and drought.

“One consoling feature of human life,” says Christopher Morley, “is that wherever you go you find the people quite innocently certain that to be where they are and to do what they are doing is the normal and sensible thing.”

A Scotsman, after gazing for some time at the Great Pyramid, muttered, “Man, what a lot of mason-work not to be bringing in any rent!”

other. This being a deadly poison used for cleaning brasses, the chemist took the precaution of asking, “What’s it for?” “Fur makin’ drinks,” came the answer. Phew! Tartaric acid was supplied.

One little girl brought a request for “coorse socks,” but was sure it was a chemist’s and not a hosier’s she had been sent to; so the chemist gave her coarse salts. Another messenger brought a line marked “canine pills.” She was sent off with quinine pills, which proved to be the medicine wanted. A boy had come in for something, the name of which he had forgotten, but which he was able to describe. “They’re like wee tacketts,” he said, “and my grandfather takes them for jaggin’ something inside.” Asked what his grandfather’s complaint was, he said he thought it was “win’.” So the chemist guessed it was cloves that he wanted.

“A plaister for a man wi’ holes in it,” was a woman’s quaint way of asking for a bella-donna plaster; a “batter” was a man’s way of asking for the same thing. Questioned as to where it was to go (meaning what part of the body was it meant for), the messenger replied—“Oh, juist alang the street a bit.” “A six-penny bottle o’ pneumonia!” was the startling order of a boy who bounced into a city chemist’s the other day. The man of drugs correctly jumped to the conclusion that it was ammonia the kid had been commissioned to purchase.

Equally terrible sounded a pennyworth of “Tragic gum” until it was interpreted as “tragacanth.” “I want something like Aberfeldy” readily resolves itself into a wish for “opodeldoc.” A woman, directed to give her delicate child Parrish’s Syrup regularly for a time, replied in a most reassuring tone—“Oh, she gets parritch and syrup quite often!”

Even the student of hieroglyphics might have difficulty in knowing what to make of an order for “Jumirubic.” To the chemist’s practised sense, however, it presented no barrier, and he had no hesitation in supplying the customer with “Gum Arabic.” Syrup of squills is camouflaged under strange titles. One lady asks for “syrup of squalls,” and another for “syrup of skulls.” “Bycer Bolish of Potash for Rumitasm” is simply an order for bicarbonate of potash. “2d Uddington powder” seems a new pain killer, but phenacetine is wanted. “Gleaserunne” is easily translated as glycerine; and “Eucelyptum Ole” and “Askerine” are measured out in the desired quantities of eucalyptus oil and asperin respectively.

Costumes of Other Days and Other Climes

Through the kindness of Miss Kathleen Harvey, curator of the Museum, at Knowlton, Que., the costumes here illustrated were photographed by Mr. John G. Oliphant, of Montreal, the pictures being posed for by his daughter, Miss May Oliphant.



Dress worn by a lady who came to Canada from England in the year 1600.



Beaver hat which belonged to the late Rev. Joseph Scott, of St. Paul's Church, Knowlton, in 1849.



Japanese raincoat and hat, presented by the late Hon. Sydney Fisher.



Selling Silk Stockings to Eskimo Belles

THEY pull 'em up over their fur trousers, according to an authoritative account of the ways of Eskimo women with their silk stockings. The explanation is that the Arctic climate is "too cold for them to go around with their skin shining through." And it is added, "Sometimes they wear garters that make the aurora borealis ashamed of itself." The narrator is Charles D. Brower, credited with being the "farthest north" storekeeper of this hemisphere. Mr. Brower's Arctic emporium is on Point Barrow, "that northernmost horn of the American continent," which the armchair explorer may discover on the map of Alaska.

Storekeeper Brower has some six hundred Eskimos in his district, according to F. S. Tisdale in "The Nation's Business," and silk stockings are only one item in his general trade.

"What do the hunters buy for their women folks?" Brower was asked.

"Besides kitchen necessities, the women must have candy and perfumes. They aren't very strong for jewellery. About the only thing in that line they demand is wedding-rings—but they're mighty particular about that."

You would imagine that since he is in business away up there on the roof of the world, Brower would be free from the slings and arrows of outrageous competition which shorten the executive life in more temperate zones. But—

"Competition?" sighs Brower. "Plenty of it! I have as much of a mail-order problem as if I were running a cross-roads store in Iowa. There are a lot of Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery-Ward catalogues up there. Darn if I know how they did it, but those Chicago houses got the names of only the best Eskimo hunters and mailed in catalogues over the dog trails. The Eskimo will spend days, weeks, looking through those books. Takes a long time and much conversation to make up his mind as to what he wants. Ordering it is simple. We have a post-office at Barrow. The hunter buys a money-order and mails it. His goods come back on the sleds by parcel-post. They have to wait about six months, and there is great excitement when the stuff arrives."

The Eskimo fondness for gum-drops is no myth, according to Mr. Brower. His stock includes a full line of these confections in assorted colors, and he reports that his befurred customers also demand "the hard candy of violent complexions which appears in our store win-

dows around Christmas time." Chewing-gum, too:

The Eskimos are devoted patrons of Mr. Wrigley. There is this difference between their ruminations and those of their paler brothers—the Eskimo never tires of the confection. Even after the gum has lost everything but its elasticity he continues placidly with his chewing. From time to time he adds to and sweetens the

VISION

TODAY there have been lovely things

I never saw before;

Sunlight through a jar of marmalade;

A blue gate;

A rainbow

In soapsuds on dishwater;

Candlelight on butter;

The crinkled smile of a little girl

Who had new shoes with tassels;

A chickadee on a thornapple;

Empurpled mud under a willow,

Where white geese slept;

White ruffled curtains sifting moonlight

On the scrubbed kitchen floor;

The under side of a white-oak leaf;

Ruts in the road at sunset;

An egg yolk in a blue bowl.

My lover kissed my eyes last night.

—May Thielgaard Watts.

cud as his wealth allows. Thus the hunters' cheeks become distended by enormous masses of chicle. Often a particularly distinguished chew will be bartered about from hand to hand—or from mouth to mouth.

Tobacco is another important staple in the Eskimo shopping list, we learn. Formerly the demand was all for pipe tobacco, which was found more palatable when mixed with reindeer hair. According to the experienced "Charley" Brower, the reindeer hair makes it stronger. But nowadays there is a strong demand for cigarettes, and all the popular brands sell like hot cakes.

Returning to the competition Mr. Brower has to contend with in those icy solitudes, we are told that in addition to mail-order catalogues, he has to compete with co-operative stores! Mr. Tisdale writes:

You who think the Eskimo a fur-bearing primitive with little knowledge of trade and no opportunity for investment, consider the following:

Under the encouragement of the United States Bureau of Education twelve co-operative stores have been established to teach the Eskimos the ways of modern commerce. Shares are sold to the natives for about \$10. The stores are conducted under the supervision of American school-teachers, and stocks are often displayed in the school buildings.

Here again the independent trader finds his prices undermined. The co-operative supplies arrive on a government boat and are dispensed at a government schoolhouse. Take it from Charley Brower, competing with Uncle Sam is no idle joke. Only a bright idea on the part of some co-operative official saved one of his stores from a hard fustle last season.

The co-operative stores were established years ago, but there had never been a dividend. Not that the Eskimo stockholders had protested—since it was their first adventure in capitalism they knew nothing of the sweet uses of accrued earnings. But some one said there ought to be a dividend, and a dividend was ordered.

The simple Arctic souls did not trouble themselves about the cause of this generosity; the main thing was that a dividend was to be paid. They were to get supplies at the stores without having to lay down pelts or currency in return. Joyously they hitched up their dog-teams and flocked to the store.

This dividend was a huge success—and a disaster. It swept bare the shelves of the co-operative store. Thus when John Walrus-Eye, that great hunter, arrived with a silver fox pelt worth \$200, there was no flour or canned delicacies to give him in return. And he did not want money, he wanted things. John Walrus-Eye then discovered that Charley Brower was still doing business at the old stand; his shelves displayed rifles that repeated and cartridges that fitted the same, also such luxuries as flour, tobacco, gum-drops and silk stockings. And it was the Cape Smythe Trading and Whaling Company that got the furs.

Nor is Arctic society devoid of the little scandals and family imbroglios that add a spice to civilized life. Although "Charley" Brower gives the Alaskan Eskimos a high character as "one people under the American flag

who respect the law," and relates that murder and theft are unknown among them, he has something to say about their minor troubles, generally of sentimental origin. Mr. Tisdale adds:

"Buying furs and selling tobacco isn't all I have to do," Brower tells you. "I'm the United States Commissioner at Barrow. It's something like being justice of the peace. Usually telling them not to do a thing is sufficient. Since the whale ships quit the Arctic we haven't had a liquor problem."

Most of Brower's cases are what the movies would call "crimes of love." The commissioner's methods of judicial procedure are magnificent in their simplicity.

"I speak the Eskimo language. All I have to do is listen to what they are talking about. I hear a couple of old gossips ruining the reputation of some girl. I call the offending boy into my office and accuse him of his iniquity. Usually he says, 'Who told you?' That is a confession, and from then on we have no trouble. I sell 'em a wedding ring and if the missionary isn't handy, I marry 'em."

"Funny how little difference longitude and latitude make in human nature. The old folks involved in these Arctic scandals carry on about like old folks would in Missouri or China. Nothing of that sort ever occurred in their family before. The disgrace is awful, and so on."

Brower says that some day he is going to write the story of his life. It will be worth buying. He was born in New York City. At thirteen he went to sea. Returning from a voyage to South America, his ship was sunk by another vessel just before it entered New York Harbor. Several lives were lost, and there was quite a hullabaloo over it. Young Brower discovered when he got home that he had become a hero to his friends, who were still enchained in the humdrum of school. That wreck took all the hunger for adventure out of him. He didn't want to go back to sea. But he had made a reputation as a hero and he had to live up to it. Reluctantly he signed on again. Thus began the years of his sea roving. He tells you casually of horrors that would fill a Conrad novel. Such as being becalmed in the centre of the Pacific while his ship blazed with a burning cargo of coal. Like all sailormen he got the idea at last that he was sick of the sea. So he swallowed the anchor and tried living ashore at San Francisco.

"I couldn't stand it," he confessed. "First thing you knew I was on my way to the Arctic." It was a coal-mining scheme, and it fell through.



That was in the days when women choked their waists with corsets. The reluctant bull-head whales were called upon to furnish bone for these stays. Ergo, every summer the whaleships sought the Arctic where the protesting bull-heads abounded. Brower has many a saga of these wild, rough days.

He tells how he was in command of a party of thirty-two men who were abandoned on the ice-pack by a ship. For twelve days they struggled over the merciless ice in what they hoped was the direction of the shore. They had nothing to eat. One man shot himself. Another went blind and had to be led at the end of an oar. Another went raving mad. The weak one fell and never got up. Of the thirty-two who started, there were sixteen who reached the shore.

It is related that Brower's business fortunes began with what he calls "pirating." But—

That doesn't mean that he swarmed aboard a merchantman with a cutlass in his teeth; it refers to the salvaging of vessels abandoned or wrecked. When he and two companions decided to stick it through the winter, their first prize was the "Fleet Wing." She was waterlogged and yielded poor returns. Their next ship, the abandoned "Ino," was more generous. There was a small fortune in her hold—supplies for two years. It was with these goods that Brower's trading business began. (One of his fellow "pirates" is now skipper of a passenger elevator in a Washington office building!)

This farthest-north business man has seen great changes since the rip-roaring days of the whalers and their whisky. When he first went there it was common practice for the Eskimo to kill girl babies; men and women too old to follow the hunt were sometimes walled in igloos and left to starve.

Brower is one of the instruments by which commerce has encompassed the ends of the earth. After him came religion, law, education even. Gradually the black threat of famine is being driven off. The Government has

introduced reindeer and the Alaskan Eskimos are changing from nomad hunters to herders with settled homes. That is a far leap in revolution. Who can say what the next step will be? Do not be surprised if you pick up your paper some morning and find that the Point Barrow Rotary Club has been formed and a subscription started to advertise the delights of the Arctic climate to the residents of the State of California.

A graphic description is given by Mr. Tisdale of the voyaging that would be required to reach the Brower emporium from the latitudes of what we call civilization. Such a trip would call for all the fortitude of hearty explorers, who are thus pictured pushing toward the Arctic:

For days, weeks, months, they battle their way northward. Past the Aleutians that stretch like an elephant's trunk from the mainland; across the icy bosom of the Behring Sea; into the tide rip that roars through Behring Strait; on up the Arctic coast until they reach Point Barrow, that northernmost horn of the American continent. Surely they are nearing the pole. Civilization and commerce are far behind them. Binoculars show the lookout a settlement; and in its midst what appears to be a cross-roads store. The only thing missing is the gasoline filling station.

A white man is leaning beside the door. He is flanked by a sign which publishes to the Arctic the delights of spearmint chewing gum. If they don't know it already, the explorers soon learn that this man is Charley Brower.

Charles D. Brower, to be correct and formal. He is in business here. The store is a recognized northern institution—and so is Charley Brower. He has been in the Arctic for forty-one years. You could not drag him back to warmth and civilization with walrus thongs and reindeer teams. The North Pole is his neighbor and the Eskimo his clientèle.

Brower recently made one of his rare trips south. He visited New York and Washington. Both these cities, he admits have their attractions; but all the time he was yearning for Point Barrow.

Brower is sixty-two years old. There is little of age and nothing of the tired business man about him. He is deep through the chest and wide through the shoulders and as hard as his own northern whalebone. "Yes," he tells you, "it's been forty-one years since I first went North. I intend to spend the rest of my days there."



How The Poor Marry

A "Marrying Minister's" Memories.

SIX years spent in what has been called the "marrying" church of Glasgow have naturally provided the writer with a considerable crop of matrimonial memories both grave and gay.

Most ministers will recall their first marriage. My own earliest experience in this connection was made the more memorable by the fact that the first child of the union was named conjointly after Earl Haig and myself. Mixed marriages were very common in my parish, decidedly the most mixed in which I took part being one between a Japanese steward and a Jewish girl. On that occasion the best man was also a native of Japan, and understood no English, signing the schedule in laboriously correct printed capitals—D A N G. The Oriental grin he wore throughout the ceremony was quite unforgettable. Later, I married a swarthy Italian to a fair-haired English chorus-girl. In this case the groomsman was an Arab acrobat, who claimed to have an aunt in London of the Wesleyan persuasion—and took advantage of the occasion to prove the superiority of Islam. He was hereditary high priest of the Senussi tribe, and entitled to a body-guard of a thousand horsemen. Or so he said.

In view of the supposed high standard of modern education, it was remarkable how many of the contracting parties had to resort to the sign of the "cross" in place of the usual signature. More than once, I had to enlist the services of a passing policeman to complete the schedule. In some cases, the parties had never learned to write; in others, they had forgotten the art through disuse. Now and then, they could sign if a fair copy was placed before them; not seldom, the groom was too drunk to write, or required a considerably larger space than the schedule afforded.

Humor and Pathos

To all appearances, the unions were speedily and lightly undertaken. Most of the couples were under twenty. Postponements were frequent. One Friday evening, a girl came to the vestry door in tears. Asked where the groom was, "Yonder," she sobbed, pointing to a figure rapidly disappearing round a neighboring corner. She brought him back in a fortnight—to her subsequent regret, if one might venture an opinion. On another occasion, a nervous groom dropped the ring. The vestry was a small apartment, without carpets or crannies, but the ring was never found!

Manifestations of affection were few and far between. Once a newly-made benedict attempted a chaste salute. "A'll gi'e ye a lick on the mooth, ye sully wulk," was the reception he got. At the conclusion of one ceremony, a heavy tap at the vestry door announced the arrival of a shawled woman in extreme old age. "Am I too late?" she asked in a voice hoarse with anguish. The groom, her only son and sole support, had come to his marriage without a word to his mother, intending never to see her again.

In many instances, the bride had not even washed her face for the occasion; once both parties reached the vestry door dragging their fruit-barrows, returning immediately after the wedding to their several stances. "We'll come back the morn or ony day that suits ye," said a young man on my complaining that I had been kept waiting, and was short of time.

Tragedy was in the sorrowful inquiry of an elderly woman—"Could ye marry my dochter to my brither?"

One cheerful groomsman left five coppers in my hand as I bade him good-night. About the same time I received a dozen handkerchiefs with the pet form of my Christian name sewn in the corner of each—the donor a complete stranger to me.

It was not uncommon for the young couple to arrive without the marriage schedule. In a case of this sort, when

it was pointed out that in consequence the ceremony could not take place, the disappointed lady pleaded—"Could ye no' mairry us a wee bit to dae us to the morn?" In a similar perplexity, another couple made up with their witenesses to say nothing of the mishap, passed on to the marriage feast as if all was well, and were legally joined the following afternoon.

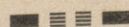
"Take both your hands," I said rather sharply to a young man who was clumsily trying to put on the ring with one hand. Without a word he brought round the arm which he had kept concealed behind his back and smilingly showed me a stump; he had lost his hand in the war. A loud groan and the sound of a fall took me back one Fair Friday to the vestry door, at which I had just wished Godspeed to a singularly happy pair; the young husband was already dead. He had been moving heavy furniture to his new home and heart failure supervened. Two days later the mourning bride set out alone to convey the remains of her man to a hillside graveyard in the outer Hebrides. One dark winter night a couple came to the manse two hours late; throughout the ceremony the groomsman kept himself carefully muffled up. He was arrested next day as a deserter from the Army, and, following upon his conviction, inquiries resulted in the bride being sentenced to six months for bigamy.

An early ringing at the Manse bell before the rest of my household was astir brought me face to face with a weeping girl who at once burst out—"He's in jile." On proceeding to the police station I found her statement to be too

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true, and her intended (they were to be married that day) on the point of being transferred to Edinburgh for trial. The police authorities were kindness itself, but courteously determined, as their captive had previously slipped through their fingers, that the wedding should take place within the prison walls. Against this proposal my early visitor protested tearfully and vehemently, clamorously and not unably seconded by her best maid. By a happy chance the registrar's office for the district was situated next door, and it was ultimately agreed that the marriage should be celebrated there, with the proviso that the groomsmen should make the short journey shackled between a constable and a plain-clothes detective. Once inside the registrar's it was discovered that the best man—possibly for substantial reasons—had failed to turn up, whereupon the policeman, a most agreeable soul, offered to deputize. "No' in that uniform," cried the bride, aghast as at a blasphemy. Finally, the offer of the plain-clothes man was accepted, and the ceremony proceeded. At its conclusion, the girl bride made a picture of melting grief as her husband was reshackled to his escort and removed from sight, but later in the same week two pairs of hands waving violently, in spite of enveloping shawls, from a Jamaica Street car caught my attention. They proved to belong to the bride and her best maid, both of them wreathed in smiles, their troubles quite forgotten.

Not long ago, a deaf man stood before me for marriage. Warned beforehand, I spoke as loudly as possible, but three times put the essential question without response. Becoming impatient, the bride clapped her hand to her chin and her mouth to his ear and hissed—"Say 'Yes,' Peter." Another groomsman, exceedingly nervous, closed his eyes as soon as the wedding service began. For a time, the lady looked futile daggers at him, and at last, with a vicious dig at his ribs shouted—"Open yer e'en; he's no' prayin'."

OUR REMOTE ANCESTORS

AN interesting account of our more remote ancestors, in the Stone Age and in days down to Roman times, is given by Mr. Donald A. Mackenzie, in his recent work entitled "Ancient Man in Britain," and published by Blackie.

Some 25,000 years or so ago it is known from skeletons that the men found in Britain, in all essential features, were of modern type. Dressed in modern attire, they would, says Mr. Mackenzie, "pass through the streets of a modern city without particular notice

Bell Telephone Company Pension Fund

Interesting Report

The semi-annual report of the Employees' Pension and Benefit Fund Committee of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, just published, contains some figures of interest to workers everywhere. It will be remembered that this plan provides for sickness, accident and death benefits as well as pensions, for workers who have completed specified terms of service. This is entirely without cost to the employee, the company assuming the entire expense of establishing, administering and maintaining the fund.

For the period of January 1st, 1925 to June 30th, 1925, it is interesting to note the following features set forth in the report:—

	First 6 mos. 1924.	First 6 mos. 1925.
Payments for:		
Pensions	\$12,446.00	\$16,536.00
Accident Disabil-		
ity Benefits	8,925.00	10,505.00
Accident Disabil-		
ity Expenses	5,414.00	7,618.00

Sickness Disabil-		
ity Benefits	81,609.00	90,028.00
Death Benefits	6,209.00	10,636.00
Total	\$114,603.00	\$135,323.00

In each division of the plan, there was an increased expenditure over the same period of 1924. However, other figures included in the report, dealing with the actual number of cases, show that there was a notable decrease in the number of accidents, speaking volumes for the efficacy of the continuous "Safety First" educational campaign conducted by the Company. There was a twenty per cent increase in the number of pensioners, causing a parallel increased expenditure in this branch of the Plan.

All in all, both Company and employees have reason to be proud of the excellent work being done by the committee.

being taken of them." One branch was particularly tall and handsome with an average height for the males of 6 ft. 1½ in.

Indeed, according to Professor Elliot Smith, the great authority on anthropology, "they were, if anything, both physically and mentally superior to the average present-day inhabitants of Europe."

These people suffered from our complaints. There is evidence in skeletons of the effects of rheumatism and of bad teeth. They were clever surgeons and could trepan the skull with success as skulls have been found in which the wound made by trepanning has healed. They buried the dead with rites which proved that their minds, like ours, were occupied with the mysteries of life and death.

In the mouths of some of the dead found have been green stone amulets, as in Egyptian burials, as far back as 3400 B.C., and perhaps even further. The latest evidence from Asshur, in Assyria, has even been thought to suggest that Sargon, who ruled there 2600 B.C., may have sent ships to Britain. He conquered Kaptara (Crete?), and "the Tin Land beyond the Upper Sea" (the Mediterranean). Mr. Mackenzie says the explanation may be that he obtained control of the markets to which the Easterners carried from Spain and the coasts of Northern Europe the ores and pearls they had found. It may be, there-

fore, that Britain was visited by Easterners even before Sargon's time.

British jet has been found in very early graves in Spain, linking up Spain with Britain in days long before Romulus founded Rome. Even more interesting is the fact that beads of a peculiar blue color, which are now identified as undoubtedly of Egyptian origin and as dating back to some time between 1500 B.C., and 1250 B.C., (or about the period of Tutankh Amen), have been found in very ancient British graves, and can now be seen in Devizes Museum.

We are even told that "a regular overseas trade-route was in existence." So far as has yet been ascertained, there was no other source than Britain from which the ancient world could draw the tin it needed for its bronze.

THE FIRST POSTAGE STAMP

It is eighty-five years ago since the world had its first stamp, the English penny black. William Wyon made the sketch for the Queen's head from the model struck to commemorate Queen Victoria's first visit to the city, the design was completed by Henry Corbould, and the engraving of the original steel die was undertaken by Frederick Heath, who was paid fifty guineas for his work.

The famous stone in the Kaaba, Mecca, which Mohammedans worship, is a meteorite.

In Woman's Sphere

Every Man A Peter Pan

A GREAT woman writer said to me one day: "Don't you really think that all men are, at heart, just boys? They never seem to me to grow up, even the greatest of them." And I think she is right. Yet I think that this boyishness of men is one of their dearest characteristics. I am reminded about the kingdom of heaven, and those who enter it having to become as little children.

Of course, there is a great difference between being childish and childlike. The childish man is not a very heroic figure. The childlike man is usually adorable.

Men gather their impressions of women from their very earliest days, of course, and the first impression is that woman is a mother. It is an impression that men never lose. You often find a man married to the fluffiest, most flapperish of girls, but he will have moods when he wants to put his head down on her shoulder and be mothered.

If she can't mother him, he will be disappointed. Possibly he will look elsewhere for it. I believe that many men stray from their wives for companionship and mothering—more than those who stray for love making and thrills.

A man in his workaday life has to keep his head all the time, as it were, he has to be like a soldier always wearing armor.

When he comes home, tired of the stress of life, he wants to relax. Not always—and his wife, if she is wise, will study his moods and watch for little signs. Sometimes, when things have gone well at the office, he wants to strut a bit, show off, be a very fine fellow, indeed. Then his wife must be an admiring audience to him, looking up to him, deferring to him.

When things are looking black, or some trouble has come his way, he wants to be soothed. He wants to feel a little boy again just for a while.

In the prehistoric graves that have been opened they find the dead people curled up in their burying places like kiddies in their mother's arms, as though, in the arms of death, they had

become little children again. This shows what a deep and fundamental thing is the longing to be mothered. It is at the bottom of all religions. "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms." Most people love to feel that God is someone very strong whom they can lean on. Most men have this feeling about their wives

at times—they want to lean. There was a song that was very popular when I was a child.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,

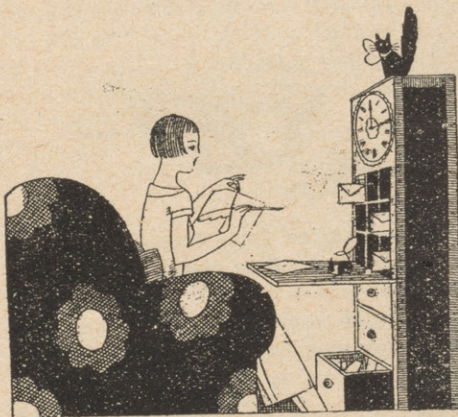
Make me a child again just for to-night."

Let your man be a little boy sometimes. When he is flustered and worried, don't you get flustered, any more than you would if your little boy hurt his knee. Just make it better—bind up the hurt place, let him rest on your strength and love and to-morrow he will be a man again.

These moments of weakness and comforting endear more than anything on earth. Do not miss them.

Give him "the eternal solace of Love," and he will always turn to you.

Some wives resent being the sharers of their husband's worries, but a partnership is not much use if it does not imply sharing worries.



The True House Beautiful

By ALICE GERTRUDE FIELD

BENEATH its elms the old House broods, serene, untroubled, still; Loud hurry frets beyond its grounds, speeds, raucous, down the hill.

Adjacent to its other bounds—in concord, more, are these—
Two churches lift their tranquil walls and neighbor it with peace.

Inviting sweeps the empty porch, quiet the spacious lawn,
A tree trunk wears a bobbing rose, there's lilac fragrance blown.

So many years the House has known of gracious influence;
Drollery, sympathetic cheer, comrades' evidence,

And trials borne with dignity, loss turned to wholesome gain,

Humor to season every cup, courtesy's gentle reign.

Surely itself has grown akin to this, its daily fare,
The very bricks and timbers seem of these good ways aware.

What though the kindly folk have passed, who taught the House its grace?

What though itself shall likewise pass in but a little space?

In grateful hearts that hold it dear, in every service done

For love of those sweet hostesses, in quick, responsive fun,

In loyalty to kindred, and in friendship, glad to give,

In widening rings of kindness that blessed House shall live!

The Kitchen Beauty Shelf

THIS morning I went to the kitchen to make out my market list. "Lemons?" said I. All gone. Well, I must have lemons for my shampoo. Oatmeal? I want to make some bath bags. So down goes oatmeal on the list.

And as I went on with the list it seemed that I was ordering more articles for beautification than for food. I began to realize that my pantry was a completely-stocked beauty shop.

Common Salt

For instance, take the lemon. Being a blonde, I always use lemon juice in the rinsing water when I shampoo my hair, as it helps to retain the golden glints.

For discolored elbows, that bane of this sleeveless age, undiluted lemon juice applied every night and permitted to dry on, is a most effective bleach.

Occasionally, when brushing the teeth, it is well to squeeze a little lemon juice on the brush. This removes the yellow appearance and helps to keep the mouth free from tartar.

Then take such a plebeian thing as ordinary salt. A weak salt solution is a good mouth wash, serving to harden the gums and keep the tissues in good condition. Salt solution is also an effective gargle and nasal douche. A combination of a teaspoonful each of salt and baking soda to a cup of warm water makes a good gargle and mouth wash. A cool foot-bath in which coarse salt has been dissolved, is a good sedative for aching feet.

The uses for olive oil are many. In cold weather, if the hair is very dry, massage the scalp at night with a few

drops of olive oil. Olive oil rubbed well into the scalp, the night before the shampoo, loosens any accumulation of dandruff there may be, and helps to ward off its return.

My mother, who has beautiful white hair, always adds a little ordinary blue to the last rinsing water when she washes her hair. This gives it a whiter tint.



If you suffer from excessively moist palms, after washing the hands dust off with pulverized borax. To soften hard water, add a little powdered borax.

Baking soda has a variety of beauty uses. It, too, is a good softener for hard water. It is an effective mouth wash and gargle. In cases of prickly heat or inflamed mosquito bites a soda solution is both soothing and healing.

Egg shampoos are very beneficial, especially if one is troubled with dandruff.

FIRST AID ON HOLIDAY

VERY few families, especially when there are children, go through a holiday without minor mishaps. Here's how to deal with some of them efficiently and without fuss.

A thorn or a splinter often gets into a finger or bare foot. Extract it as soon as possible, or it will work its way deeper in. A sterilized needle must be used for extraction, that is, one which has been held in the flame of a candle so that the heat will kill any germs on it.

Do not wipe off the black carbon which the flame makes on the needle, or the cloth used for wiping, not being sterilized, may deposit fresh germs. If a child is old enough, let him use the needle himself to get the thorn out, as he will hurt himself less than another person would.

When the thorn has gone in too deep to be reached by the needle, holding the finger in very hot water will often bring it near the surface. Or soft bread which has been soaked in boiling water may be laid over the affected part to effect the same purpose, after which the sterilized needle can be used.

Long walks, rowing, tennis, etc., often cause painful little blisters. These should always be opened and drained (despite advice often given to the contrary), because the fluid in them is infected and must be got rid of. But don't cut all the blister away, leaving the tender skin underneath exposed to the air.

Just put a needle through it, as if you were taking a stitch, with the point coming up at some distance, and the two holes thus made will drain out the infection. Dust over with boracic powder, and bandage to exclude dirt.

KETTLE AND SAUCEPAN HANDLES

Kettle handles and aluminum saucepan lids usually become very hot when the utensils have been over the gas, and burnt fingers are common. Bind them tightly with a fairly stout string and you will overcome this difficulty.

Keep leather bindings, handles and straps of trunks and cases in good condition by applying a little linseed oil occasionally, and so prevent their growing dry and powdery, and snapping at a critical moment.

To protect the wall behind a gas cooker from grease spots, cover it with one of the enamelled metal sheets procurable at most ironmongers, imitating tiles, and very easily kept clean.

Prepare all cutlery and steel goods for storage by giving them a protective coat of vaseline.

Baby in Woollies

"HOW soon can I shorten my baby?" asked the proud mother of a month-old boy. "I am so tired of these long robes—the washing and ironing of them makes such a lot of work, and they never look really fresh for long."

"Babies, in my opinion, ought never to wear long clothes at all! Mine never did!"

"What on earth did you dress them in at first, then?" asked my friend.

"Woollies!" I replied. "I am sure that the heavy, clogging, long robes are responsible for most of the fretful babies we hear about. Imagine how they must make the little feet ache! Woollies are far more comfortable for the

wee mite, far more hygienic and far easier to keep clean."

"But how do you dress a newly-arrived baby in woollies? What sort of woollies do you put it in?" said my friend.

"Here is a list of what my baby boy wore, and still wears. A woolly vest, long knitted trousers with feet to them, a short knitted frock and a woollen coatee. The binder was flannel, and the nappie was Turkish towelling. He had a long knitted cloak to wear when I carried him out, and a shawl for other occasions, and he has never been the slightest trouble at all. He simply sleeps and eats! To my mind, the fewest clothes consistent with warmth, is best for babies."

For the Cook

Iced Coconut Cake

BEAT three ounces of butter and two ounces of sugar to a cream, add two eggs and beat well. Stir in two ounces desiccated coconut and five ounces of fine flour mixed with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add a tablespoonful of milk and bake for twenty minutes in a square baking tin. Leave until cold.

Herb Omelette

Ingredients: Two eggs, one tablespoonful of water, a pinch of salt, a sprinkling of pepper, a sprig of parsley, a leaf of marjoram, or thyme, and one ounce of butter. A tiny pinch of dried herbs may be used instead of green herbs, but the freshly gathered are far nicer. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs. Be very careful not to break the yolks while separating, as the whites will not beat well if there is any particle of yolk with them. To the whipped yolks add the pepper, salt, water and very finely chopped herbs. Beat lightly to mix. Then fold in the stiffly whipped whites. Fry in the butter and serve immediately.

Tomato Sauce

To make this tasty dish mince one ounce of cold ham or tongue and half a

small onion or a pickled one. Peel some tomatoes and cut them up in small pieces; add some pepper and a very small bit of mace, and mix all together. Put half an ounce of butter into a small saucepan, and let it melt, then add it to the other ingredients, and cook them for ten minutes, stirring well all the time. Beat an egg, and when the tomatoes and meat have been cooked for ten minutes, take the saucepan from the fire, add the egg, beat it well into the mixture, and stir it again over the fire until it thickens, then spread it on squares of hot buttered toast, and serve at once.

Plum Chutney

Required: Six pounds of plums, one pound of sugar, three pints of vinegar, one pint of water, quarter of a pound of salt, two ounces each of whole ginger and pepper, little allspice, few cloves, one saltspoonful of cayenne pepper. Boil all together until plums are soft. When cold, bottle and cork it tightly.

Picture hooks, curtain rings, gas chains, etc., if soaked in cold tea overnight will easily polish up like new.

TO PICK UP BROKEN GLASS

When glass is broken there are many small fragments which can scarcely be seen and which are most difficult to sweep up, yet very dangerous to fingers when washing the floor. Take an old damp cloth to lay over these fragments. Tap lightly and they will adhere to the cloth, which can then be burnt.

WHEN BUYING POULTRY

The test for a chicken under one year, is soft feet and soft cartilage—that is, soft at the end of the breast bone. A soft skin and plenty of pin-feathers also denote a young bird. A good turkey should have a soft breast bone and smooth dark feet. Geese should have a great many pin-feathers, and all birds should be reasonably plump.

TO CLEAN YOUR SPONGES

After sponges have been used some time they get slimy and greasy, but they can be quickly and easily cleaned by soaking in a strong solution of salt water for about twenty-four hours, and then rinsing through in cold water.

One headlight is all you need if the other fellow's guess about the side it's on is correct. — Associated Editors (Chicago).

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MONTREAL



Kiddies' Page



A Whisper Story

HUSH now, while I whisper you the story of where Little Boy Blue went when they thought he was only dozing under the haystack.

He got into a tiny boat, and it went drifting down the Dreamy River, right through the Drowsiland Valley. Behind were the Mountains of the Moon, and before was the Sunset City—the loveliest city in the world, which he was always trying to reach.

It was all blue and misty, and big soft creatures came down to the Dreamy River to drink. The Drowsiland beasts are all friendly, but he only looked at them sliding by, and went on and on.

No one has ever seen such flowers as grow in Drowsiland Valley, beyond the Mountains of the Moon. They shine in the dark, they are so beautiful; but he passed them by, and went on and on and on.

The big stars came out, and presently one and another fell down into the Dreamy River—he heard the plip-plop as they fell. They lay shining under the water, and he might have stopped to pick them out. But he went on, and on . . . and on.

Everything was so quiet. You only heard the low swish-sh-sh-sh-sh of the water against the boat and among the whispering reeds, except when Little Boy Blue got up and blew his horn—"Who-hoo! Who-hooo!" This he did to let them know in the Sunset City that he was coming.

And—hush, can't you hear?—someone blew a trumpet—"Whe-he-hee, Whe-he-hee," far, far, far away on the walls of the city, to say that they were waiting for him there. When he heard it he went still faster, and the boat swayed rockal-ing, rockalong, on . . . and on . . . and on.

Shut your eyes close. Can you see Little Boy Blue and his horn? Hush! Can you hear the swishing water in the rushes? Perhaps he may arrive to-night. Sh-sh-sh!

Do you know how the Daisy got its name? You know, don't you, that all the flowers go to bed at night, just like we do? Well, in the morning the first flower to open its eyes is called Daisy, which really means "Day's Eye."

MY dear nieces and nephews:—
Did you ever make shadow animals? You'll find it the jolliest fun ever.

Find a nice smooth wall and stand so that your shadow is thrown on it. That means that the sun must be behind you. Then arrange your hands in the way the pictures show you, and you'll make some wonderful animals.

One hand alone makes a dog. The one in the picture looks a solemn fellow, but



Rabbit



This makes a dog



Butterfly

you can easily make him jolly. Just wag your thumb and his ear will twitch; move your little finger and he'll put his nose in the air.

As for the butterfly, it's as easy as anything to make her flutter and fly, by gently moving your fingers backwards and forwards. But take care to keep them close together.

The rabbit is the hardest to do, but, then, he has paws as well as a head. Good-bye, kiddies, till next month.

Your loving

Aunt Flo.

It is said that the average man contains enough iron for a medium-sized nail.

The Bird's Story

DO you know what a little bird told me today?

I'd never have dreamed it, my lad, That a brave, manly fellow would throw clear away

His courage and manliness, even in play—

But a little bird told me you had.

A little bird told me a story that's true—

He told me, although he was dead, How his body was crushed by a stone that you threw.

At first I could hardly believe it of you, But that's what a little bird said.

But the little bird thought, if I once made it plain

How nothing is noble or bright That makes any creature feel sorrow or pain,

You'd promise me never to do it again.

Now tell me, my boy, was he right?

—Roy Temple House.

Conundrums

WHAT tree grows near the sea?—
The beech.

What is a scout's weakest part?—A tender foot.

What room can no one enter?—A mushroom.

What is the keynote to good manners?—B natural.

What bow can no man tie or untie?—A rainbow.

Why are dogs like trees?—Because they have a bark.

When is a girl's hair like the sea?—When it is in waves.

Why did the match box?—Because it saw the wire fence.

What has four feet yet cannot run an inch?—A chair.

What goes most against the grain?—The reaping machine.

What is the key to the situation at Christmas time?—Turkey.

What letter goes all round the British Isles?—The C (sea).

If a bee sting is rubbed at once with a cut onion it will neither swell nor ache.

THE GOLFER'S HEALTH

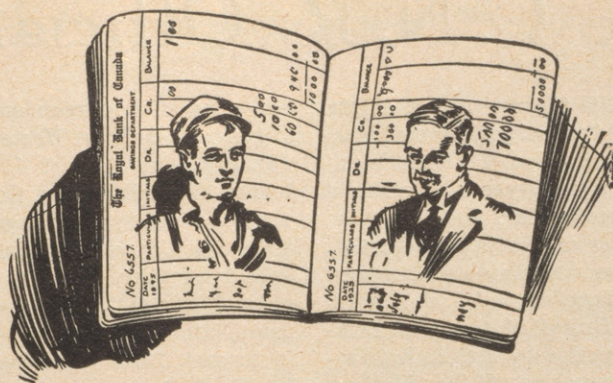
"I wish that people, at any rate some people, would be more honest about the subject of games," says Mr. Arnold Bennett in the "Royal Magazine."

"Consider the case of the middle-aged man who has taken to golf. Now golf is a very great game; but it is also a game demanding much time and an elaborate apparatus, human and mechanical. My middle-aged man is quite likely to journey many miles in an automobile driven by a living chauffeur with a probably immortal soul; the whole device, with the golfer inside and a heavy bundle of instruments called for some strange reason clubs, is functioning that day so that he may play golf.

"He arrives at the links, and engages the services of another and younger human being, whose sole purpose in life is to carry the bag of clubs on his shoulder or arm. He plays golf. He then enters a large building specially erected so that he may eat and drink in it, and have baths in it on the days when he plays golf. The building and its numerous staff exist merely in order to sustain him and cleanse him in his hours of golf. He issues forth and plays again, returns to the building for more rites and ceremonies, and finally departs in the automobile, which with its living chauffeur has no doubt been hanging about for several hours.

"He reaches home full of virtue and pride, and meets his middle-aged wife, whom ten to one he has left solitary all day, and he proclaims to her that the golf has done him no end of good, and that without it he really does not know what his health would be like; and she replies that she is sure that the golf has done him no end of good, and that she is glad therefore, and that without golf she really does not know what mightn't happen to his health. And she tells everybody that her husband's golf is the saving of him. (No mention by either of them of any similar scheme for the preservation of her health.)

"Well, it is all a vast fiction, this touching theory that he plays golf for his health's sake, and that if his health were not trembling in the balance he would not dream of giving so much time, trouble, and money to golf. I do not say that golf is not good for the health. It often is. But I do say that as a scheme for maintaining health golf is very clumsy and very costly, and somewhat inefficient. A man could maintain his health far more efficiently by doing certain physical exercises under the stern guidance of an expert, in front of an open window, for half an hour a day. And if he needed more fresh air, he would simply go out for a walk."



From Pay Envelope to Dividend Cheque

MONEY laid by in youth is worth double the savings of middle age. Many a rich man today bought the right to his dividends with the savings he made once out of his pay envelope. Anyone with determination can do the same.

The man who saves is the man with money.

S502M

The Royal Bank of Canada

Lord Roberts' Prescience

GENERAL FOCH was almost unknown in this country before he became generalissimo of the Allied forces. But it would appear that there was one man at least who years before the war understood his remarkable qualities. In "Celebrities" Mr. Coulson Kernahan pays tribute to the prescience of Lord Roberts, the "man who knew." Mr. Kernahan says that Lord Roberts was not only a great soldier but also a keen observer and shrewd judge of character; he took a man's measure wholly uninfluenced by what was or was not written or said of the man. He had his own opinion of Foch. Speaking on July 29th, 1908, he said: "They refuse to believe me and we sleep under a false security, for I do not hesitate to affirm that we shall have a frightful war in Europe, and that England and France will have the hardest experience of their existence. They will, in fact, see defeat very near, but the war will finally be won by the genius of a French general named Ferdinand Foch, professor at the military school at Paris." Thus almost exactly six years before the war Lord Roberts predicted precisely what would

happen in the war when it came. That in itself was a memorable feat. But that he should thus have marked out a professor and a lecturer in the schools, who was a second lieutenant in 1874, between which time and 1908 he had had no opportunity of proving his military abilities by commanding troops in actions of any importance, if, indeed, he had seen any action at all, and that he should have marked him as the man who was to lead the allied cause to victory, is, says Mr. Kernahan, without doubt "one of the most remarkable examples of prescience in all history."

GENTLE SARCASM

Music is prohibited during certain hours within University precincts. An Oxford undergraduate, who had transgressed the laws by playing his piano when he should have been studying the classics, received the following note from the Dean—"Dear Mr. Johnson—For purposes of discipline, I am bound to regard your piano-playing as music."

Take advantage of your opportunities, but be sure that they are your opportunities, not someone else's.

C. N. R. Officials Promoted

FOLLOWING the retirement of Mr. H. E. Whittenberger, general manager of the Grand Trunk Western Lines, after many years of efficient and faithful service, Mr. C. G. Bowker, general manager of the Central Region, with headquarters at Toronto, has been appointed in charge of the Grand Trunk System in the United States. Mr. Bowker will be succeeded by Mr. A. E. Warren, general manager of the Western Region and Mr. Warren, in turn, will be succeeded by W. A. Kingsland, who previously was assistant general manager of the Central Region. The appointments were made effective August 1st.

The three men involved are among the best known operating men in railway circles in Canada and each has many years of railroad service to his credit.

Mr. Bowker was born at Medford, N.J., April 21st, 1871, and entered railway service in May, 1888, since when he has been, to October, 1890, operator, Philadelphia and Reading Road; October, 1890, to 1893, operator, New England Land Division, same road; 1893 to 1897, in charge of telegraph lines and electrical service, Buffalo Division, Lehigh Valley Road, Buffalo, N.Y.; May, 1900, to February, 1902, train dispatcher, Grand Trunk Railway, London, Ont.; February, 1902, to November, 1905, train dispatcher, G.T.R., Durand, Mich.; November, 1905, to May, 1907, chief train dispatcher, G.T.R., Stratford, Ont.; May, 1907, to September, 1909, trainmaster, G.T.R., Stratford; September, 1909, to May 13, 1911, joint superintendent, G.T.R., and Wabash Road, St. Thomas, Ontario; May 13, 1911, to January 13, 1913, superintendent Middle Division, G.T.R., London, Ont.; January, 1913, to May, 1918, general superintendent, Eastern Lines, G.T.R., Montreal; May 1, 1918, to October 10, 1922, general superintendent, Ontario Lines, G.T.R., Toronto; October 10, 1922, to February 18, 1923, operating manager, lines east of Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, G.T.R., Montreal; February 19, 1923, to July 31, 1925, general manager, Central Region, Canadian National Railways, Toronto.

Mr. A. E. Warren was born at Taunton, England, June 9, 1874, entered railway service in 1889, and served in various capacities in car service department, superintendent's, general superintendent's and manager's offices, and station yard service, Canadian Pacific Railway until 1901, when he resigned to enter mercantile business. He entered Canadian Northern Railway service in August, 1902, and served as station agent, chief clerk to general manager, as superintendent,

ent, general superintendent and assistant to general manager, Western Lines. From January 1 to August 1, 1918, he was loaned to the Dominion Government, and acted as chief operating officer, Railways and Canals Department, Ottawa.

In November, 1918, he was appointed general manager, Western Lines, Canadian National Railways, Winnipeg, and in August, 1920, when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was placed under Canadian National management, was also ap-



MR. A. E. WARREN
General Manager, Central Region, C.N.R.

pointed general manager, G.T.P.R., continuing in that position until February 28, 1923; March 1, 1923, to July 31, 1925, general manager, Western Region, Canadian National Railways, Winnipeg.

Mr. Wm. A. Kingsland was born at New York, N.Y., January 5, 1869, and entered transportation service in 1887, since when he has been to 1889, billing clerk, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, New York; 1889 to October 26, 1900, clerk audit department, New York Central Railroad; October 26, 1900, to 1904, auditor, Great Northern Railway of Canada, Quebec, Que.; 1904 to September 10, 1915, auditor, Canadian Northern Quebec Railway and also from March 24, 1908, to September 10, 1915, auditor, Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, Quebec, Que.; Sept. 10, 1915, to November 21, 1918, general superintendent, Canadian Northern Railway, Montreal; November 21, 1918, to December 1, 1920, assistant general manager, Eastern Lines, Canadian National Railways,

Montreal; December 1, 1920, to February 27, 1923, general manager, Eastern Lines, Canadian National Railways, Montreal; February 28, 1923, to July 31, 1925, assistant general manager, Central Region, Canadian National Railways, Toronto.

Mr. H. E. Whittenberger was born at Peru, Ind., November 9, 1869, and entered transportation service in 1885, since when he has been, to February, 1897, in various positions, Wabash Railroad; February, 1897, to May, 1902, trainmaster, Middle Division, Grand Trunk Railway; May, 1902, to September, 1904, superintendent, Denver and Rio Grande Railway; September, 1904, to January, 1906, superintendent, Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, Indianapolis, Ind.; January, 1906, to September 30, 1907, superintendent, Kansas City Southern Railroad; September 30, 1907, to October 17, 1912, superintendent, Eastern Division, Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal; October 17, 1912, to January 14, 1913, superintendent, Middle Division, G.T.R., Toronto; January 14, 1913, to May 1, 1918, general superintendent, Ontario Lines, G.T.R., Toronto; January 14, 1913, to May 1, 1918, general superintendent, Ontario Lines, G.T.R., Toronto; May 1, 1918, to May 1, 1919, general manager, Grand Trunk Western Lines Railroad (U.S.R.A.), Detroit, Mich.; May 1, 1919, to March 1, 1920, federal manager, Grand Trunk Western Lines Railroad (U.S.R.A.), Detroit; March 1, 1920, to February 27, 1923, general manager, G.T.R., Detroit; February 28, 1923, to July 31, 1923, manager, Michigan District, Central Region, Canadian National Railways, Detroit; August 1, 1923, to July 31, 1925, general manager, Grand Trunk Western Lines, Canadian National Railways, Detroit.

SIX OR NINE

In a certain American State there is a law forbidding the lending of money at more than six per cent.; nevertheless a Hebrew moneylender hung a sign outside his shop advertising loans at nine per cent. A would-be borrower remonstrated with him, saying:

"Have you the face to tell me that you not only demand nine per cent., but have the nerve to publicly advertise the usury on a sign?"

"Sure," said the moneylender, unabashed. "I'll take a chance with the law."

"But, regardless of the law," argued Ferguson, "what about your conscience? What about Providence looking down on that sign?"

"Ven Providence looks down on it He vill think it's a six!"

Struck By Lightning--Yet Saved

MORE than five hundred persons are killed by lightning in the United States each year, according to an estimate made by Dr. W. W. Keen, on the basis of figures from the registration area. In one recorded instance, eleven persons were killed by a single stroke. There are no reliable data as to the number of non-fatal injuries from lightning, but the number must be large. Dr. Keen's professional experience with a case that might have resulted fatally but for energetic treatment, as recorded in "The Country Gentleman" (Philadelphia), makes it clear that the issue of life or death after lightning-stroke may depend on some bystander's knowledge of first-aid—which in this case means the application of artificial respiration. As to precautions against being struck, symptoms of electrical shock, and explicit methods of resuscitating a victim who may be to all appearances dead, the distinguished surgeon tells us:

The most dangerous place is very near, under, and especially leaning against a tree or high pole, or any metal which could act as a conductor for electricity. Numerous cattle are killed by lightning, largely because they so often seek shelter under trees which are struck.

A number of persons have been in buildings which were struck and partly or seriously wrecked.

There are almost invariably burns on the body, sometimes extensive and severe, sometimes only slight.

The patient, I find, is almost invariably knocked unconscious and remains so from a short time to an hour, or frequently several hours. Bystanders look upon him as actually dead, and yet persistent artificial respiration may restore him to life.

Breathing is immediately arrested, presumably by paralysis of the respiratory centre, situated just inside the base of the skull at the back of the head.

This usually causes lividity of the face and lips from want of oxygen, and should this respiratory paralysis continue for any length of time, it is fatal. Usually the patient is violently gasping for breath.

Paralysis of the face, arms or legs, especially the latter, is a frequent symptom, but fortunately it usually passes off in a few hours or days.

The one imperative and instant remedy is artificial respiration. The

burns can be cared for later, but the breathing must be re-established or death shortly follows.

I have met with the report of only a single case in which there was the slightest recollection of the stroke itself. That, to my mind, proves conclusively that electrocution is surely painless, and the most humane method of execution.

The following case illustrates several of the points mentioned:

Lightning struck a house, melting a hook and parts of a brass chain. Three persons on the piazza were all struck unconscious. They soon recovered consciousness and were not seriously injured.

A fourth, a girl of twenty, seated just inside the window, was thrown across a near-by chair and was completely unconscious. Her left eyelids were closed, the right open. Her face was purple; her pulse was imperceptible; neither heart sound nor breath sound was heard on placing the ear to the chest.

Artificial respiration was at once begun, and in a few minutes the first sign of life appeared. Consciousness began to return in less than an hour. She could see with the right eye, but could not move the eyeball; could hear, but could not speak.

After several days her mind cleared. For five or six weeks the left eyeball was drawn up, producing "double vision." A month later, she was taken home, having apparently completely recovered, except that vision in the left eye was impaired.

A few rules as to the method of artificial respiration are desirable. I condense the directions of the Commission on Resuscitation from Electric Shock, composed of a number of very distinguished scientists and physicians who investigated this matter with great care.

First: Quickly feel with your finger in the mouth and throat of the patient and remove any foreign body—food; false teeth, and so forth. If the mouth is shut tight, pay no attention to this matter until later, but immediately begin artificial respiration. Do not stop to loosen the patient's clothing; every moment of delay is serious.

Second: Lay the patient face downward, one arm extended flat beyond his head, the other arm bent at the elbow, and with the face resting on the

hand or forearm so that the nose and mouth are free for breathing.

Third: Kneel, straddling the patient's hips, with the knees just below his hip bone, or the opening of his trousers pockets. Place the palms of the hands on the small of the back with fingers resting on the ribs, the little finger just touching the lowest rib, the thumb alongside of the fingers, the tips of the fingers just out of sight.

Fourth: With arms held straight, swing your body slowly forward so that your weight is gradually brought to bear upon the patient.

This operation ought only to take two or three seconds. It must not be violent or the internal organs may be injured. The lower part of the chest and also the abdomen are thus compressed and the air is forced out of the lungs.

Fifth: Immediately swing backward so as completely to remove the pressure by your hands. Through their elasticity the walls of the chest expand, the diaphragm then descends, and the lungs are supplied with fresh air.

Sixth: After two seconds swing your body forward again. Repeat this process deliberately twelve to fifteen times a minute. If a watch or clock is not visible follow the natural rate of your own deep breathing, swing your body forward with each expiration and backward with each inspiration.

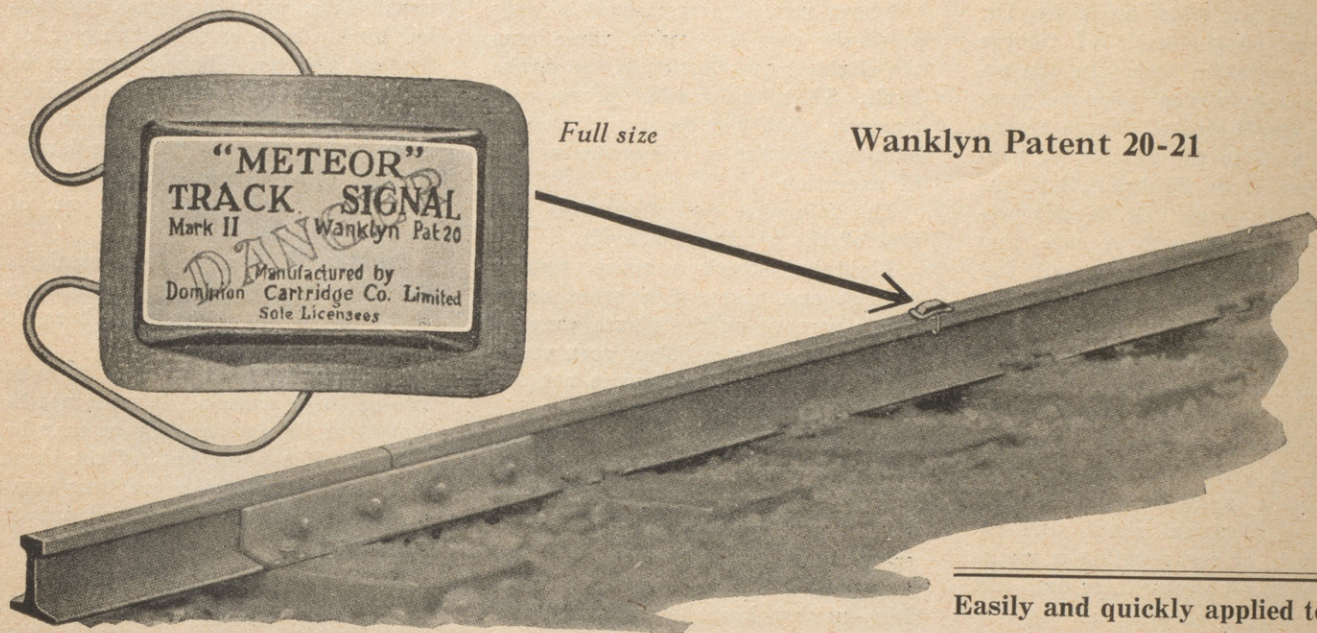
Seventh: As soon as artificial respiration begins and while it is going on an assistant should loosen any tight clothing about the patient's neck, chest or waist.

Eighth: Continue artificial respiration without interruption—if necessary for four hours—until natural breathing is restored. Cases are on record of success after three and a half hours.

Ninth: When the patient revives he should be kept in a horizontal position and not allowed to get up or be raised under any consideration, save by the advice of a doctor.

Tenth: A brief return of natural respiration is not a certain indication for stopping the treatment. Not infrequently, after a temporary renewal of natural respiration, the patient may stop breathing again. If the normal respiration stops, artificial respiration should be recommenced.

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A Son of Slaves Who Sings to Kings

"REMEMBER who you are!" was the cabled reply that Roland Hayes, the negro singer, received from his mother, a former slave, when he flashed to her beneath the Atlantic the news that he had received a "royal command" to sing at Buckingham Palace before the King and Queen of England. And now, at the peak of a staggering success in the world of music—a success involving what one critic calls the "miracle" of overcoming racial prejudices—Roland Hayes has revealed the fact that the same maternal warning had sounded in his ears from childhood. "Remember who you are!" his mother had cautioned the tattered youngster whenever his aspiring spirit had seemed to call him away from the humble and laborious life to which he had been born, in a remote part of Georgia. As unfolded by himself to Mary B. Mullett, the tale of his toils and triumphs is equalled in importance by the foreshadowing of what he yet hopes to achieve. He looks forward to becoming the voice of his race, the living instrument by which it may make itself understood by the world of white men. And this is a mission which he feels to be directed by a power higher than himself, according to Miss Mullett's narrative in "The American Magazine." He expects it to take him to Africa, the cradle of his race. And in looking back over his life, he attributes every crisis in his remarkable career to the shaping of the power that he believes has been training him for that mission. Miss Mullett introduces the reader to his childhood by interposing a lively picture of his present success. She writes:

"No more standing room! No more standing room!"

Over and over, a man was calling out this warning. I could not see him, for I was in the thick of the crowd which jammed the lobby of Carnegie Hall, famous as the scene of New York's greatest musical events. We were there to hear a new and wonderful singer. During the past season thousands have flocked to other auditoriums, in other cities, to hear the same singer.

Don't imagine that his enormous audiences are drawn merely by curiosity. They do not go just to hear a "black man" sing. The best critics in the world have praised him with almost extravagant enthusiasm.

Hayes has the typical features of his race; and yet, when he talks, these features become somehow transformed by that spirit which is within him. He has great simplicity, quiet and

gentleness; a sincere modesty and an exquisite courtesy. Serious and thoughtful, he has none of the irresponsible gaiety we associate with his people.

He was born, thirty-eight years ago, at Curryville, Georgia. In spite of its name, Curryville was not a town. It wasn't even a village.

"After the Civil War," Hayes told me, "several hundred acres in the northwestern part of the State were set aside for negroes who had been slaves in that section. Each family had its allotment of land and a primitive little cabin in which to live.

"There was no town. It was just country, and we were miles from a railroad.

"My mother," he said, with a note of deep feeling in his voice, "was a remarkable woman. She had neither education, nor money, nor advantages of any kind. But she had wisdom and great understanding. And she was very calm and sane."

The singer gave a moving description of that ex-slave mother, who, after the father had been crippled by a falling log, plowed or hoed for hours, and then returned to the house to cook and wash and iron. She was troubled by the lack of schooling for her children, and that finally prompted her to move to Chattanooga, Tennessee, about fifty miles away. The singer continued:

"We sold our crop, our cow and our horse, and with this money as our 'stake' we left the farm when I was fifteen years old.

"My mother had a plan all thought out. My younger brother, Jesse, was to go to school all the time. But my older brother, Robert, and I were to take turns, I was to work the first year and support the family, while he went to school. Then he was to work a year, while I went to school. And so on.

"While we were waiting for school to open I found a job in a factory that made window weights. It was the hardest work I have ever done! I had to unload pig-iron, handle the rough scrap-iron, help charge the cupolas with wood, coke, and iron and, with another man, carry the heavy ladles, brimming with melted iron, to pour into moulds, to make the window

weights and other castings. I wore old shoes with no laces in them, so that they could be kicked off easily when the hot iron would spill. My feet are peppered now with scars where the hot flakes of iron fell on them.

"Long afterward, the white man who was foreman over the sash weight foundry told me that I kept the shop going—simply by my singing. He would not let the other men sing. But he never stopped me.

"When I was seventeen years old I met Arthur Calhoun, a young negro who had been studying music at Oberlin, and who had taken a year off to earn money to go on with his studies. He was teaching in Chattanooga; and in order to earn a little extra he gave entertainments in the church I attended.

"Nevertheless, when my new friend tried to persuade me to train my voice, I wouldn't take him seriously. When he talked to my mother about it he had an even more discouraging reception. I only laughed at the idea; but she resented it.

"To her it was worse than nonsense. She was rather proud of me—a good, steady, hard-working boy, earning better wages than many older men received. She knew no colored people who made a living out of music, except those who sang and played in dance-halls and places of that sort. She didn't want any boy of hers to take up that kind of life. So she and my friend were decidedly at swords' points.

"Then, one night," Hayes said, in a low voice that thrilled with feeling, "I had a sudden and startling revelation, the first of three great spiritual experiences which have come to me. It was the opening of a closed door. And through that opened door I saw—dimly enough then, to be sure—yet I did see the first glimpse of the Purpose which is now my whole life.

"It happened in this way: Arthur Calhoun had told a white gentleman, living at Chattanooga, about me; and this man had kindly suggested that I come to his house some evening and sing for him. When my friend and I arrived we stood out in the hall, waiting for some people, who happened to be there, to leave. Of course, being negroes, we were not asked to come in until the coast was clear," he said, with a little smile which was quite without bitterness.

(Continued on page 43.)



A BIT OF LOCAL BEAUTY



The above picture, reminiscent of "the old rustic bridge", beneath which "the stream gently rippled", represents a scene at Dorval, Que. The work of Mr. Philip Kieran, of Beaurepaire, it not only goes to show that the Island of Montreal abounds in spots of real beauty but has artists to paint them as well.

(Continued from page 41.)

"And when we did go in," he went on, "the lady of the house, and her daughters, immediately left the room. But after I had sung a little while they were good enough to come back one by one.

"When I had finished singing, the gentleman asked me if I had heard any of the great musicians. Of course I hadn't. I didn't even know about them! So he played some records on his gramophone, and I listened to Caruso and Sembrich and Eames, and others of the world's famous singers.

"That night I was born again! It was as if a bell had been struck, that rang in my heart. And it has never ceased to ring there!

"It was a night in early autumn, I remember; and as we walked home together, Calhoun talked to me of my future. I was silent; but I, too, was thinking of my future. Groping through the strange emotions that had been stirred in my heart, I was catching at the realization that I had been put here in this world to serve some great Purpose."

"You really mean that?" I asked. "You believe that your life has been directed by some higher Power?"

"Absolutely!" was the earnest reply. "As I go on with my story you will see how each important crisis has been led up to, and how I have been prepared to meet it. I have learned to leave myself in the hands of the Great Something that has put me here, to use me—if I will only let myself be used."

After much pleading with his mother, the boy started into the world in search of an education, with his share of the family savings—fifty dollars—in his pocket. He went almost "broke" on the way by the ill-advised financing of ten-cent concerts in colored churches—he shouldering the expenses and giving the church half the profits. At length he managed by a seeming miracle to get into Fisk University, at Nashville, through which he worked his way for four years. After that he went to Louisville and worked as a waiter in the Pendennis Club, where his voice won him the additional job of entertaining at club dinners. In that way he attracted the interest of Henry H. Putnam, of Boston, who afterward assisted him to have his voice trained in that city.

After working hard for a meagre living, he managed to take his mother to Boston. Miss Mullett quotes him as continuing:

"The big box we had brought from Chattanooga I sawed in two and made into a bed for my mother. And I bought some empty boxes, which served as a table, seats, and my own bed.

That was all we had in our bare little rooms."

He looked around the handsomely furnished parlor of his suite at the high-priced New York hotel where he was then staying, and I knew he was thinking of the contrast between that room and the one he had just described. As for me, I was remembering that I had heard, on good authority, that his net receipts for this season had been one hundred thousand dollars!

He was putting money by for a special purpose. He wanted to give some recitals; and he knew that probably, for a time at least, he would lose money on them. Finally he made the attempt—and lost seven hundred precious dollars! Nothing daunted, he gave another concert. And this time he made five hundred dollars. So he almost "broke even" on the two.

"Then," he told me, "I dared to do something which every one assured me was pure madness. I engaged Symphony Hall! I had no financial backing; but I had some very kind friends. Mr. Hubbard, for instance, tried to dissuade me from my wild undertaking. But when he found I would not give it up, he did everything he could to help me.

"Not with money!" he added quickly. "I did not want, and I never have received, a single dollar of financial backing.

"But I did go to friends like Mr. Hubbard and ask them for their influence and to give me the names of people who might be willing to come to my concert. Then I studied the phone directory; and when I came to a name I liked I added it to my list.

When Hayes noticed my smile at this rather eccentric method of finding possible patrons, he said:

"To me, names have great individuality. Very often a name suggests its owner's personality. I have a decided reaction to names; and with this as a guide I made out my list."

"It had not been easy for me to gain consent to use Symphony Hall. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is probably the most dignified and conservative musical organization in America; and never in its history had its concert hall been engaged by a negro for a recital. I had long talks with the managers before the arrangement was finally settled.

"The two thousand letters had scarcely been sent out, before I began to receive warnings and pleadings to abandon my 'wild scheme.' I was assured that no one of my race could do what I was proposing to do; and some of the letters told me that a negro ought not to do it.

"However, inside of two weeks, so many people—less timid, or less bigoted, than these—had taken tickets, that I had my eight hundred dollars to pay for Symphony Hall and other expenses. The night of the concert the auditorium was crowded to the doors, and seven hundred persons were turned away. I cleared two thousand dollars from that concert."

"What did your mother say to that?" I asked.

"Just what I told you a while ago," he replied. "She said, 'It's very wonderful. But—remember who you are!'"

Quite often, during our conversation, Hayes would keep his eyes closed while he was speaking. If you have

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heard one of his concerts, you know that he frequently does this while singing. It is as if he wanted to shut out all external influences to hear only some voice within himself, to see only some inner vision.

His eyes were closed now, as he said: "Various things happened. I had more opportunities to sing. I was beginning to make something of a reputation. But the most important happening was that I was brought very soon to the third great experience in my life.

"A man wrote to me from Santa Monica in California, saying that he had heard me in the East, and that he wanted the people out there to hear me. The result was that he arranged for me to give a concert.

"The night of the recital a good many people came up to speak to me after it was over. Among them was a man who said, 'I have heard all the famous singers. When I listen to you, I get the same things which I get from their singing—but I also get something more. What is it?'"

"Well," said Hayes, looking at me now and smiling, "I did not know what it was! I didn't know how to answer him. So I gained time by saying that we couldn't talk, with so many people around, but that I would come to see him next day, if he would permit me. He gave me his card and we made an appointment.

"That night, after I had gone to bed, I asked myself what he could have heard, in my singing, that was not in the singing of others. I hadn't been conscious of anything that was special to me. Was there really anything that was mine? If so, what was it?"

"Then, as I lay there half dozing, I suddenly asked myself: 'Can it be something that was given to my forebears—to the people of my own race, away back in the beginning? Have we some heritage from the past, a heritage that is ours and ours alone? Have I my own small portion of that heritage? And if I can help my race to give this, its special little contribution, to the sum of all human contributions to life, is that why I am here? Is that the Purpose behind all that I am and all that I am led to do.

"I found, that night, the clue to the plan by which my life was being directed. But I felt blind and helpless when I tried to use it. What did I know of myself, of my people? Here we are in America. We were lifted out of our old environment and set down here—aliens in body and in soul. Shreds and tatters of our ancient qualities still cling to us even now; but what was the original fabric like?"

"I could not answer that question. And I said to myself that I would go back to the home of my people, to Africa, and try to learn the secret of my race. So in April the next year—it was 1920—I went to England."

"But why to England?" I interrupted.

"I hadn't enough money to go to Africa," he said; "not enough to stay there, at any rate, and to support my mother. So I thought I would try to open a path by giving concerts abroad, on my way to Africa.

"When I reached London, it was the time of the native uprisings in the British possessions; and a man of my color was not very welcome in Eng-

land. It was weeks—very long, hard weeks—before I could get a hearing. But on May 31, 1920, I gave the first of a series of many London recitals.

"Meanwhile, a better understanding was slowly coming to me. I realized that if I went to Africa then, and if I did not learn the secret of my people, if I could 'isolate' it, as the scientists say, still I would not be prepared to do the work which has been given me to do. Poor and unknown, how could I get the world to take the thing I wanted to give?"

In a spirit of prophecy, the negro singer expressed the belief that in three years' time he would have reached the height of his work of helping his people to make their own special contribution to the history of human experience. He said to Miss Mullett:

"My people have been very shy about singing their crude little songs before white folks. They thought they would be laughed at—and they were! Their humble offering was only ridiculous. The best they had to give was not good enough.

"And so they came to despise their own heritage. They tried to copy white people, because it seemed that the white man's methods and standards must be the correct ones. They studied them and imitated them. Do you know why people, your people, tell me, as that man in California told me, that they get from my singing the same things which they get from the singing of white singers? And do you know why they get something else—something they do not understand?"

"I believe I know. I am a negro; and we of my race have studied you; watched your reactions and tried to understand them; tried indeed to feel the same reactions! With this understanding, I am able to express, in my singing, what a white man expresses in his.

"But," he went on very gently, "you have not been interested to know what we are thinking and feeling. We are a closed book to you. And when I put into my singing some echo of that which belongs especially to my race, you hear it—but you don't understand it. To you it is something alien, a message you can not interpret. But the truth is that the white people never allow themselves to come near enough to us to know us. They will not assimilate us as we have them."

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Love and a Dog

By BARRY PAIN, in John O'London's Weekly.

QUITE early in his puppyhood his mother, who was an Airedale, surveyed him, and even maternal love could not blind her eyes to his imperfections.

"You're no beauty," she said. "You take after your poor dear papa, you do—and whatever I could have seen in that dog I can't imagine. You're no fighter, either. You've got slink written in your eyes—and that's not a nice thing to have to say about a pup whose mother was an Airedale. You'll crawl along on your stomach, waving that great long tail of yours. If a cat looked at you, you'd run away and cry. You're helpless. You've got only one earthly chance to get a place and keep it."

"And what's that, mother?"

"Affection. Keep on showing affection. Wag your tail and kiss all the boots you see. Human beings like it. Even if they hit you and curse you, keep on licking their hands. Don't bark and don't growl—not that I suppose you ever would."

"I'll remember all that," said the puppy, humbly.

In the course of the next few weeks four people, three men and a woman, were brought to see him, one after another. And each one at the sight of him burst out laughing.

"Seems a sweet-tempered little accident," said the woman, "but it was a dog I wanted."

"What's it all mean?" the puppy asked his mother.

"Mean?" she said. "It means that my people were trying to find a home for you, and they can't give you away. It's a black look-out for you."

The next morning his mother came up to him quickly and excitedly.

"The under-gardener's tying a string to a brick. If you don't want to be drowned, you've got to hop it quick. Out you go into the great world."

"Which way?"

"Crawl through the hedge and turn to the right. The lane takes you down to the road. Keep affectionate. Remember what I said about motor-cars. Quick as you can, now."

He obeyed her instantly, for he was ever anxious to obey. The Airedale watched him out of sight, and then turned back to frighten the under-gardener as much as she possibly could without actually biting him.

The pup went up the road. Two motor-cars met him in quick succession, and he sat in the hedge and wept until

they were safely past. Then he resumed his journey and met a man dressed in blue with a helmet on. The man had large boots and walked with a slow regularity. He paused when he saw the dog. The pup ran up to him with every expression of joy, sank on its stomach, and kissed his boots. The man picked him up, and the pup renewed his tokens of affection.

"Yes, old chap," said the policeman, good-humoredly. "You ain't a bad-hearted one but you ain't got no collar. I'll have to take you."

So he tucked the pup under his arm, and the pup was well content. He was progressing, and seeing the world, without any effort. He had a willingness, not unknown to the human race, to let the other person do the work.

And then the policeman met a sardonic friend.

"Morning, George," said the friend. "Taking your exhibit to the dog-show, I see."

"Ain't much to look at, is he?" said the policeman, grinning. "Still, he's as friendly a pup as you could want. I found him straying and am taking him down to the station with me. Got a bit of string on you as I could use for a lead?"

"Might have," said the friend, and after research produced a piece. The policeman put the dog down to adjust the string.

And instantly the pup was through the hedge and running for all he was worth. He had heard something about string and he did not like what he had heard. The pursuit of him was perfunctory and soon abandoned.

After some investigations and an ignominious flight from a very large cat, the puppy got through a hedge into a small garden and made his way up to a small house. Outside of the back door there was a dustbin. The dustbin was full and on the top of it was the paper in which the joint had been wrapped. This was obviously something to be going on with; so he made a jump for the paper. At that moment the back door opened and there stood the girl with her broom in her hand.

"You dirty thief," said the girl. "You dustbin lurcher, you. Out you get. Shoo!"

The puppy wagged his tail; so the girl threw her broom at him and knocked him over. He picked himself up and came running to her with every sign of delight at this kind attention. As he neared her he sank respectfully on to his stomach and kissed her misshapen shoes.

At that moment two other people entered the kitchen. One was a pretty woman of twenty-six. The other was Dolly, her daughter, not three years old but able to walk when she gave her mind to it.

Dolly looked her name exactly. She had flaxen hair and blue eyes and a perfect complexion and quite nice

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clothes. She pointed one hand at the puppy and said: "Dog."

The puppy responded readily to the invitation. He came up to the little girl, he permitted her to pat him, to pull his ears, to pull his tail, and to try to climb on his back. Though much pleased he was careful to be very quiet and not in any way rough.

"Anybody can see, mum, that he's used to children," said the girl.

"Where's he come from?" asked the woman.

"Can't say, mum. He's got no collar on. He's got a look as if he don't belong to anybody. I found him eating a piece of newspaper out of the dustbin."

"He can stop here for the present," said the woman. "Mr. Hilton will settle about it when he gets back this evening. Come along, Dolly."

But Dolly absolutely declined to be parted from the puppy. So the puppy went with her, was taken into the dining-room, and fared sumptuously. He finally dropped off to sleep on the hearthrug before the fire, well contented with the wisdom of his mother.

Mr. Hilton was rather a fat man, considering that he was still quite young, and had very few words. He was regarded as the supreme authority upon everything on earth by his wife.

"Yes," said Mr. Hilton, "it's a dog. No, I can't say what the breed is. Nice-tempered. Keep it if you like. I must give them a word about it at the police-station in case the owner turns up, but I don't think he's ever had an owner."

Nobody claimed him and he remained where he was for many happy weeks. He acquired the dignity of a name. He was called Pepper by Mr. Hilton in derisive reference to the extreme gentleness of his temper, and, of course, the name was abbreviated to Pep. He knew his name quite well, and if, as sometimes happened, three people called to him at once, he always went to Dolly if Dolly was one of the three. If he had not beauty, at any rate he had intelligence. Mr. Hilton taught him a score of tricks with no trouble at all. He could fetch and carry perfectly. If Dolly pointed a stick at him and said: "Bang!" he rolled over immediately and remained motionless with his eyes closed until he was told he could come to life again. He was on terms of friendship with every tradesman's boy that called at the house. Mr. Hilton said that if a burglar broke in Pep would undoubtedly lead the way to the spoons, wagging his tail with delight. The person with whom he was least effusive was the girl with the misshaped shoes. This may have been snobbery or it may have been that some instinct told him that

she was a well-meaning fool, and that well-meaning fools can be just as dangerous as a mad elephant. He went for a walk with Mr. Hilton most evenings. He slept in a comfortable basket in the hall. He enjoyed his meals. And it was all too good to last.

The girl was going to take Dolly, accompanied by Pep, down to the post. She had the perambulator with her, but Dolly proposed to walk the first section. It was just outside the gate that she met the milkman and entered into prolonged and earnest conversation with him.

Dolly strayed off the path and into the road, unnoticed by the maid but not by Pep. He no longer went in the hedge and cried when a motor-car went past. He had grown out of any nonsense of that kind. But he was very careful to keep on the path.

As the motor-car, doing forty-five, flashed up the road, Dolly stepped out towards a puddle on which the sun was shining. Instantly Pep sprang at her, got hold of her skirt, and pulled her over. Even so the car came within two inches of touching her. Dolly roared.

Up came the maid in the part of an avenging angel, followed by the milkman. She kicked Pep violently, picked up the little girl, and carried her back into the house, Pep following in a perplexed way.

She told an excited and incoherent story to Mrs. Hilton. Pep had gone suddenly mad and flown at Miss Dolly. Why, you could see for yourself how he had torn her skirt. Her own intervention, as described by her, appeared heroic.

Dolly's mother did not know what to do. It was very difficult to believe that Pep was mad or that he had even intended to hurt Dolly in any way, but you could not be too careful. So Pep was shut into the woodshed, there to remain till Mr. Hilton came home. The girl did not take his food in for him because she was frightened. By this time she had worked herself up into really believing the dog was mad.

Mr. Hilton was told the story at length. It had already improved in some particulars.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said. "The dog may have been playing. Nothing else."

"All the same," said Mrs. Hilton, "I should never dare to let that dog and Dolly be together again."

"I suppose not," said Hilton, "It's a pity. I'll go down to the chemist's and get something to put him to sleep."

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Hilton went to the woodshed and opened the door. Pep was delighted with his re-

lease and made no end of a fuss with his master. Besides, his master carried a piece of meat wrapped in newspaper, and Pep was extremely hungry.

Hilton sat down on the chopping-block with one hand on the dog's head.

"Look here, Pep, old chap," said Hilton. "I can't make out this story. You're no more mad than I am. I don't believe you did any harm. But you see how it is. I can't take any chance where Dolly's concerned. I wish you wouldn't look at me just as if you understood. There you are, boy. Fetch it."

He flung the piece of meat into a corner of the shed, went out, and closed the door.

The hungry dog snatched up the meat quickly. Before he died he had time to think two things. His mother had recommended affection. It looked as if love had to give more than it got. And was there anything in the lovely story his mother had sometimes told him about the happy hunting-grounds?

THE POINT OF VIEW

HAVE you ever noticed how the use of a simple little word such as "but" or "if" alters the whole?

Someone says, "What a lovely day!" and you feel quite exhilarated, until they add, "But it's too bright to last," and down come your spirits with a crash. Now why do we invariably use that "but" in a gloomy sense?

How much cheerier the world would be if, when anyone said, "What a wet day!" we replied, "But it's not so cold," or in reply to "Isn't this wind beastly?" "But it's nice and dry."

People would soon cultivate an optimistic spirit, and we would have done our part in making this old world of ours a brighter place.

I have been a great deal happier since I have really tried hard to avoid pulling the poor old weather to pieces.

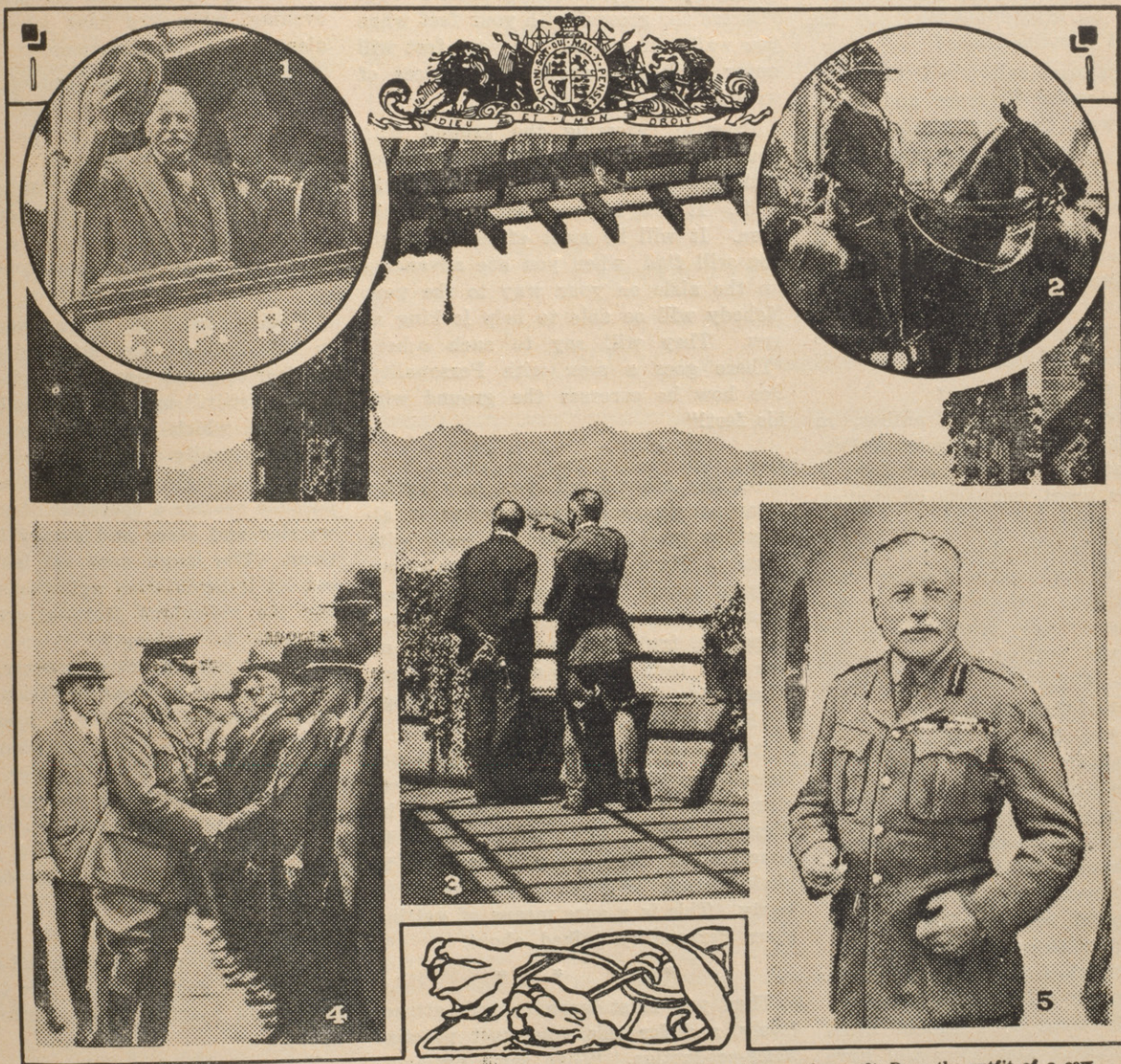
After all, it is only the inevitable subject, on which we all fall back, for want of conversation.

We can't alter it, but we might try to make the best of it.

I once saw a paragraph which I have never forgotten. It said: "Snow is exhilarating; wind is bracing; rain is refreshing; sunshine is delightful; therefore there is no bad weather, merely several kinds of good weather."

I pass these few thoughts on to you, hoping they will chase away that "fed-up" feeling which is the outcome, in so many cases, of a grey sky and a howling wind.

Field Marshal Haig Completes Tour of the Dominion



(1) The Field Marshal smiles benignly upon his admirers from the cabin of his engine. (2) Dons the outfit of a cow puncher at the Calgary stampede. (3) Views the coastal scenery from the Roof Garden of the Hotel Vancouver. (4) He greets Great War Veterans at Chapleau, Ont. (5) Poses for a camera portrait on board the Canadian Pacific Coast Steamer "Princess Charlotte" on his way to Victoria from Vancouver.

Field Marshal Earl Haig, having travelled through Canada to the coast on a special Canadian Pacific train has now returned to England. The famous soldier, as grand president of the British Empire Service League, came to Canada in June to attend the second biennial conference of the League at Ottawa and brought with him an imposing list of ex-service men's representatives from all parts of the British Empire.

As he journeyed across the country Earl Haig was greeted at all points by townspeople and veterans, and whenever he could do so, remained in the bigger towns along the route, long enough to shake hands with the veterans and address a few words to them. At

Chapleau, when he stayed off about half-an-hour, he was tendered a civic reception and an address of welcome by the Mayor, an ex-member of parliament and an ex-Canadian engineer.

At Banff, Canada's most popular summer and winter resort, the Field Marshal met Lord Byng, who was at the time returning, also over Canadian Pacific lines, from a ten-day visit to Victoria and Vancouver. At Calgary Earl Haig addressed 1,500 ex-service men in the G.W.V.A. Memorial Hall, and attended the Calgary Stampede. At the coast he was entertained to official dinners and reception by the provincial government of British Columbia at Victoria, and by the civic head in Vancouver.

Notes and Notions

By ROBERT LYND, in the (London) Sunday Chronicle.

DO you want to earn £10,000 a year? Or become Prime Minister? Or Archbishop of Canterbury? Or an actor-manager? Or the manager of a public-house?

If so, you must cultivate Personality. You must acquire Presence and Poise. You must wear the right clothes. You must wear, above all, the right hat, for, as the author of "Personality as a Business Asset" says, "a man's whole appearance may be made or marred by the shape and color of his hat." How different Dean Inge would look if he wore a hat like Mr. George Robey's! He would never be allowed to write for the "Morning Post" again.

* * * *

This excellent American author, in telling us how we may acquire a Personality that will be worth its weight in dollars, lays great emphasis on clothes. He tells us what we should wear if we are thin, if we are stout, if we have red hair, if we are blondes, if we are brunettes. He even divides brunettes into three classes—ruddy brunettes, sallow brunettes, and medium brunettes—and recommends appropriate suits, shirts, hats, and ties for each.

* * * *

In choosing our clothes, we should do well to keep before us the great example of Beau Brummell, whose biographer is quoted as saying of him: "That worthy knew the what and the when and the why of wear." It is a beautiful piece of English, worthy of a place on the Beau's tombstone.

Beau Brummell, I am sure, would have cordially supported the author's contention that "a stout man should avoid prominent plaids," and he would have had no fault to find with his assertion that "long necks, if covered by high white collars, only look longer. A man with a long, lean neck and a bull-dog chin can wear the lowest collar cut with the utmost grace."

I wish the book had been illustrated, for I should have liked to see a picture of the man with the long, lean neck and bull-dog chin wearing the lowest collar cut with the utmost grace.

How pleased with himself he must look! If only I had the bull-dog chin, I should try the effect in the mirror.

* * * *

Clothes, however, are but a small part of Personality. If you have not Presence and Poise, all the ties and shirtings and trouserings in the world will not

save you. You must, for instance, learn to walk gracefully. As Miss Berthe Braggiotti, the professional dancer says: "Caress the ground with your feet when you walk. If you do this your feet will never strike the ground like pieces of wood."

Practise caressing the ground with your feet when you are going to church with your wife. See what she thinks of it. It will, at least, amuse the children. It will be most effective of all, you will find, when you are advancing up the aisle on your way to the pew. Nobody will be able to help looking at you. They will say to each other: "There goes a man with Personality. See how he caresses the ground with his feet!"

* * * *

On the other hand, you may suffer from nervousness, which makes it almost impossible for you to walk with dignity. Here, again, the author comes to your rescue. "If," he says, "you feel muscle-bound, and are not too dignified a person, try hopping around first on one foot then on the other with your whole body, head, arms, hands and legs as limp as those of a rag doll."

Do not do this, however, while a policeman is looking. He may not understand that you are only trying to be dignified. It is better, on the whole, to practise the step when advancing to shake hands with your hostess at a party. This is a sure means of getting your Personality talked about.

* * * *

Then you must learn to talk attractively, and for this you must practise voice-production. "Give some exclamation, such as 'Fire! Fire!' or 'Help! Help! Help!' and feel your body and breath and throat prepare for the tone immediately before you give it.

It is most important, of course, that you should select exactly the right moment for doing this. The exclamation of "Fire! Fire!" will produce the greatest effect if uttered when the dinner-party is in full swing and the guests are all holding asparagus above their mouths. "Help! Help! Help!" however, may be shouted during almost any of the courses. You can make any dinner-party memorable in this way.

* * * *

After this you are to read aloud a passage from Dickens, which begins with the word "Yoho." "Shout out 'Yoho,'"

advises the author, "as the big, hearty coachman would shout it." This, however, may be reserved for later in the evening, when you have joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

Having come to the end of the passage, you "should give some exclamation such as 'Hurrah,' so that you feel your whole body expand." If everybody is not yet satisfied, you may read a poem called "The Fisherman," "sustaining that same exuberance of your body and your clear, free tone."

* * * *

Having acquired "attractive speech" in this fashion, you must advance yet another step and learn to laugh—"freely and heartily," but not too loudly. The exercise which teaches you how to laugh naturally is as follows: "Stand in an easy, upright position, and as far as possible become a spectator of your own worries and cares and simply laugh at them. The laugh need not be audible, but let it be internal agitation concerning the ridiculous fretting over what amounts to nothing."

Do not practise this, however, if you are travelling in a railway-train with a nervous stranger sitting opposite you. He may pull the communication-cord.

It will frighten him still more, if, having decided that your laughter seems "forced or self-conscious," you begin reciting the poem recommended and, as you recite it, "dancing with your feet, arms, head, and whole body."

* * * *

Even laughter, however, is not enough. What is the good of being able to laugh freely and heartily if your grammar is wrong?

Here, again, the author is at your elbow to prompt you. You must not, he tells you, say: "He don't care for meat," but "He doesn't care for meat." You must not say, "I was laying down," but "I was lying down." Having mastered grammar, you may then turn to a list of "pleasing social phrases," which should help to make your conversation interesting.

The author gives several examples, including "Thank you so much," "How nice of you to come!" "That is very gracious," "How do you do?" and "This is a most enjoyable afternoon."

When you are able to say these correctly you will be a man to whom nobody could refuse a job. You may even find yourself earning £10,000 a year. Or you may not.

Amazon Rulers of the Wasps

By PROF. J. ARTHUR THOMSON, in
T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly.

WE may heartily dislike wasps, but we cannot but regard them with respect. They are elegant in form, dandyish in coloring, masterly in their movements, and diabolically ingenious in many of their ways. How can we fail to respect a creature that flies tail foremost in front of our bicycle for a long distance, looking at us in the face all the time? How can we but admire creatures that often build a hanging house of waterproof paper, and not only suspend one storey from another, but have the cradles for the young ones turned upside down as if in sheer contempt of what is fit and proper? What are we to say of those solitary species that paralyse crickets and spiders, and lay the victims beside the developing eggs, so that there is fresh meat for the wasp-larvae when these are hatched?

On the roadside, for instance, we sometimes see a solitary wasp flying into her burrow, or dragging in some victim to add to the larder for her young ones which she does not usually live long enough to see hatched. That is one of the sixteen solitary species, which have no workers or communities. But everyone is more familiar with the social wasps, and of these there are six different kinds in Britain, such as the Common Wasp, the German Wasp, the Tree Wasp, the Norwegian Wasp, and the big brown and yellow hornet. To this group must be added the Wood Wasp, which behaves like a cuckoo, for it lays its eggs in the nest of the Red-Legged Wasp, and is not known to have any workers. In its structure, however, it must be ranked along with the other species of *Vespa*, and may be regarded as having relapsed from sociality into a sort of parasitism.

Queens' Winter Sleep

In an ordinary wasps' nest at mid-summer there is a queen or fertile female, and there are hundreds of her daughters, the workers. These are arrested females, and all are this year's offspring of the queen. Later on in the summer, the queen produces the males or drones, and also the young queens—that is to say, fully-developed females. The young queens emerge perhaps in August, and are fertilized by drones. They seek out sheltered nooks, fix themselves up with their jaws, tuck in their legs, and subside into a comatose condition for the winter. They are the queens that start next year's

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communities. For after the young queens leave the nest, the workers devour the remaining grubs and then die. The old queen dies of fatigue and cold; the drones' short life also comes to an end; only the young queens survive, well hidden from the winter. So the wasps' "bike" is very different from the hive of the honey-bees.

The common wasp usually builds in the ground, and uses weathered wood in its paper-making; the German wasp is also in most cases a ground-builder, but uses sound wood planed off from posts and palings; the Norwegian wasp is fond of gooseberry bushes, and the hornet of hollow trees. There are many such differences between different kinds, but the general sequence of the architecture is the same in all those that build. The awakened queen makes a platform of a few cells, often hung from a short stalk. She lays an egg in each cell, fixing it to the roof; and it may be noticed here that these eggs are fertilized from a store of sperms which the queen received from a drone in her nuptial flight of the previous year.

Fatherless Drones

A fertilized egg always develops into a worker or a queen, and an unfertilized egg develops into a drone. In other words the drone has a mother (the queen), but no father. On the other hand, he has a grandfather! If one wishes to know whether a particular wasp is or is not a drone, the short and easy method is to interfere with its activities. If it stings then it is not a drone! But why have drones no sting? The answer is that the sting is a transformed egg-laying structure or oviposi-

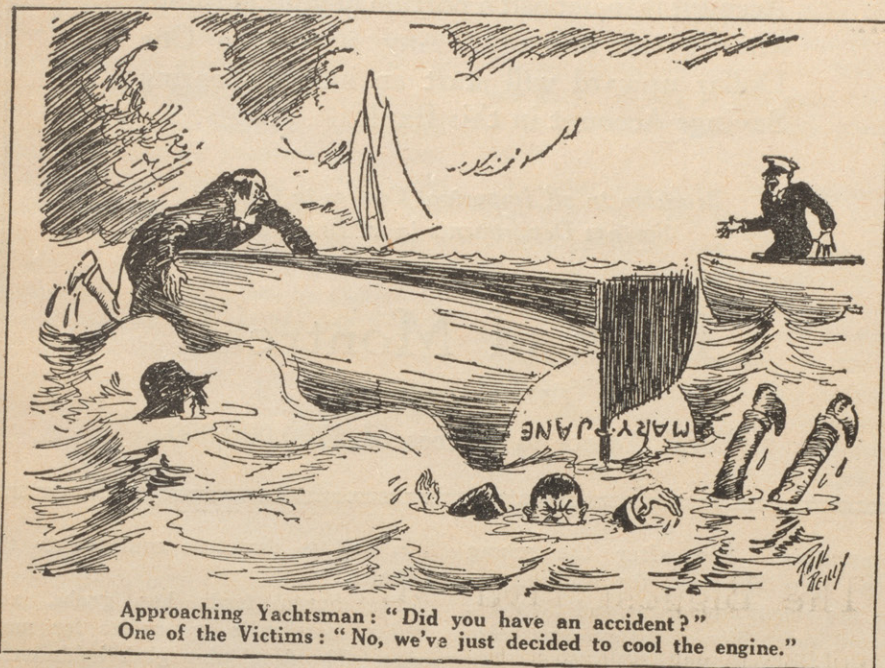
tor, and is therefore confined to the females.

The queen feeds her grubs, and makes more cells or cradles for more eggs. The developing grub holds on to the egg-shell which remains fixed to the roof of the cradle, but by and by the increased dimensions of the growing creature are enough to keep it from tumbling out. When it is full-grown it seals the mouth of the cell, sinks into the quiescent pupa state, and undergoes metamorphosis. The first set of fully-equipped young wasps usually emerge about the beginning of July. They at once set about helping their mother, who becomes more and more maternal. The young workers become cell-builders, foragers and nurses. Not only is there a broadening of the original flat table of cells, there is an addition of other tiers or stories. There may be four thousand workers in the nest of a common wasp!

No doubt wasps are often annoying or worse. No doubt they destroy much fruit. It is also certain that they attack useful insects, such as bees. Even worse is the fact that they catch the useful aphid-destroying hover-flies and chew them up as food for the young, who give the workers drops of salivary elixir in exchange. But against this must be placed the good wasps do in destroying various kinds of definitely injurious insects. But whether the balance is on the plus or the minus side we do not know.

Something of courage seems wanting in man or beast when either is continually looking back.

.. IN LIGHTER VEIN ..



"BANG WENT SAXPENCE!"

Sandy was engaged to a girl who, a few days before her nineteenth birthday, succumbed to the prevailing feminine craze and had her hair bobbed. All her girl friends congratulated her on her improved appearance and it was therefore without any misgivings that she showed herself to her sweetheart. But Sandy viewed her with grave disapproval.

"It's hard on me, lassie," he said; "verra hard! After I've just bought ye a packet o' hairpins for your birthday." — Buffalo Post.

CAUGHT NAPPING

First Doctor—"Tell me, Doc, have you ever made a serious mistake in diagnosis?"

Second Doctor—"Yes, once. I told a man he had a touch of indigestion. Afterwards I found he was rich enough to have had appendicitis." — Wallaces' Farmer.

The supreme penalty is called for when the car carries no headlight and the driver is all lit up. — Syracuse Herald.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I have no respect for the truth?" "No, my complaint is that you take as much care of the truth as you do of your Sunday clothes, and only bring it out on formal occasions!"

CORRECT ANSWER

Waggish Diner (with menu)—"Chick-en croquettes, eh? I say waiter, what part of a chicken is the croquette?"

Waiter—"The part that's left over from the day before, sir." — Boston Transcript.

A LARGE ORDER

A timber merchant was sitting in his office one day, when a quiet-looking young man entered. "Do you sell beechwood?" asked the stranger. "Yes, sir," replied the timber dealer, rising with alacrity and hoping to book a large order; "we can supply it either in the log or plank." "Oh, I don't want so much as that," said the young man, shifting his feet uneasily; "I just want a bit for a violin bridge."

"What! off to the ball-game again today? I don't see where you get the money."

"Oh, it's no trouble for a fan to raise the wind."

"Have you ever thought seriously of marriage, sir?" "Indeed I have—ever since the ceremony!"

Angry wife: "I cook and cook and cook for you, and what do I get? Nothing!" Husband: "You're lucky! I always get indigestion!"

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE

Tourist: "You have a very large acreage of corn under cultivation. Don't the crows trouble you a great deal?" Farmer: "Oh, not to any extent!" Tourist: "That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows!" Farmer: "Oh, well, I'm out here a good part of the time myself!"

A soldier in barracks asked for exemption from church parade on the ground that he was an agnostic. The sergeant-major assumed an expression of innocent interest. "Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" he asked mildly. "Not one, sir!" was the reply. "What! Not the rule about keeping the Sabbath?" "No, sir." "Ah, well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteen!"

Lawyer, to timid young lady: "Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?" Young lady, blushing: "Y-yes, sir, of course!" Lawyer: "Please state to the jury just what suit it was!" Young lady, with more confidence: "It was a white cashmere, trimmed with blue, and—" Judge: "Order in the court!"

A youthful physician had been summoned as a witness in a case which depended on technical evidence, and opposing counsel in cross-examination asked several searching questions about the knowledge and skill of so young a doctor. "Are you," he asked, "entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "Yes." "Then I should like to ask your opinion of a hypothetical case. Were my learned friend, Mr. Hove, and myself to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Mr. Hove might!" was the disconcerting reply.

A very stout lady at the Zoological Gardens was seeing the lions fed for the first time, and was rather surprised at the limited amount of meat that was given to them. "That seems to me to be a very small piece of meat for the lion," she said to the attendant. "It may seem a small piece to you, madam," said the attendant, looking at her critically, "but it's heaps for the lion!"

TO REVEAL EIGHTY MILLION MORE STARS

THE largest telescope in the world is soon to be in operation at Seattle, Washington, according to a news item in the New York Herald Tribune. It will be a reflector, with a mirror 120 inches in diameter. The telescope itself and the great observatory now being erected to house it will be the gift of Charles H. Fyre. "The mammoth speculum, the largest ever cast in the world, is being completed by T. S. M. Shearman, Canadian astronomer and telescope builder, in specially constructed shops in Vancouver, B.C.," the delicate work of grinding the mirror to the right curvature being done by hand. The Herald Tribune account continues:—

The largest existing telescope to-day is the instrument at the Mount Wilson Observatory, mounting a 100-inch speculum. The next in size, seventy-three inches across, is at Little Saanich, B.C., Canada.

The Fyre Observatory is remarkable for several features. It is the first erected primarily for public education. The mirror is the first large optical lens ever cast on the North American continent.

The observatory itself will contain a collection of astronomical photographs gathered from every part of the world.

There are about 5,000 stars visible on a clear night to the naked eye. A sixty-inch reflector makes 219,000,000 stars visible.

The Mount Wilson speculum brings into view 320,000,000 while the big Fyre telescope will, according to conservative estimates, make visible at least 400,000,000 stars of the twentieth magnitude.

A huge dome 100 feet in diameter and 150 feet in height will house the heavy machinery used to manipulate the ponderous reflector and refractors of the big telescope.

THE OIL-BIRD

One of the curiosities of bird-life of South America is the "oil-bird," or guacharo. It breeds in rocky caves on the mainland, and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a nest made of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat. The natives melt the fat down in clay pots, and produce from it a kind of butter. The caves inhabited by the birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of them is sometimes an exciting sport.

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The Biggest Hydro-Electric Tunnel

A COLOSSAL unit will soon be added to the water-power system of California through the completion of a conduit fifteen feet in diameter, bored through the solid granite of one of the loftiest mountain ranges in the High Sierras. The final blast, connecting the ends of the tunnel, has been fired; excavation of the thirteen-mile tunnel being completed a year earlier than estimated—a tremendous amount of time being saved by the establishment of an alinement whereby two "adits" were established and level shafts driven into the mountain to points where excavation should be started in two directions; enabling six crews of men all told, each crew in three shifts, to work continuously. A writer in "General Contracting" (Chicago), who gives data as to sundry technical details of value to engineers, gives also facts and figures of more general interest, some of which we quote:

The Florence Lake tunnel, which has the greatest diameter of any tunnel of its length in the world, was constructed through solid gray granite. It follows the north contour of the Kaiser Range, which lies in the mountains 100 miles to the northeast of the City of Fresno, California, at an altitude of about 7,200 ft. The upper waters of the San Joaquin River, representing a drainage area of 175 square miles, will be impounded behind a 120-foot concrete dam, thereby creating a storage basin with a capacity of 60,000 acre feet. Water from

this reservoir will be diverted under the mountains by way of the Florence Lake tunnel, down into Huntington Lake, and through the several power-houses which stretch for 20 miles down the Grand Canyon of the San Joaquin River.

The operating portion of the tunnel is 67,640 feet long, more than twice as long as the Rogers Pass tunnel on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and about 2,000 feet longer than the Simplon tunnel through the Alps in Switzerland, which up to this time was the longest tunnel of its size in the world. Remarkable records were made on the Florence Lake tunnel by the use of modern equipment, high explosives and highly developed organization. An average of 22 feet per day was made for one month at one heading, and during one week a progress of 174 feet was made, which averages 24.9 feet per day, or over 1 foot per hour, through solid gray granite.

During the period of construction on the tunnel an average of 2,500 men was constantly employed, and the average pay-roll amounted to over \$375,000 per month. The total cost of the tunnel will amount to \$17,000,000. It is worthy of note that fatalities here have been away below the average of one man per \$1,000,000, which statistics show is the average under most favorable circumstances.

Conscience is the angel within us that will not let us go unwarned.

Coming of the Domestic Cat

IT has been said that so long as the child's favorite pet is a kitten, and maiden ladies prefer the cat to the dog as a companion, the origin and family history of *Felis domestica* will be of interest. A proper respect for the cat is one of the potent civilizing influences. Even cat-haters will seldom turn the purring black tom from their doors, for they know the good luck he is supposed to bring; nor will they dare to ill-treat him because of the bad luck that may follow.

The Egyptians made much of cats, protected and worshipped them. But Herodotus says Egyptian families went into mourning when a dog died. One authority on the subject of cats recently expressed the opinion that if the Egyptians had domesticated the mongoose, that animal would now be sitting on the hearth or sunning itself on the garden wall. He insists that the cat in ancient Egypt was really sacred, not nominally so. Diodorus is cited as an authority for the statement that cats dying in a military campaign were brought home for burial, although the soldiers might be on short rations, enduring frightful privations.

After the Romans conquered Egypt, they, with their usual sagacity, tolerated cat love or worship. Diodorus tells the story of a mob tearing a Roman soldier "to pieces" because he had accidentally slain a cat. An office of Keeper of Cats was hereditary. The Turks adopted *Felis domestica*. In Cairo, homeless cats were fed by order of the Kadi. Accord-

ing to Lane, translator of the Arabian Nights, the Sultan Ez-Zahir Beybars founded a home for cats in a garden near his mosque. It must be admitted that in Constantinople the consideration for cats was not so tender.

There can be no doubt that the Egyptians were a persistent and patient people, for we should probably have no domestic cat today if they had not adopted *Felis caffra*, the wild cat of the desert, and trained the progeny for generations. This appears to be settled, although there are scientists who point out that the color of the fur on the under surface of the wild cat's foot is yellow to the heel bone, while that of the domestic cat is generally black.

There are said to be other differences of discoloration, but who can associate that orderly, and discreet animal, clean in its habits, wise of aspect, and given to philosophical meditation with the wild one of the woods? It is significant that the domestic cat mates with the wild cat in all countries, so that pedigree becomes a baffling problem.

A woman living in a town in the western States of America used to exhibit two wild cat cubs, which she had brought up on the bottle. Her boy had discovered them in a hollow log in a mountain pasture before their eyes were open. They slept in her lap and submitted to fondling until they were as big as an Airedale dog, but eventually they died of civilization. Evidently the domestic

cat was evolved only after a great many generations of intelligent and unremitting care.

Mr. Aylmer Cecil Strong, in a recent article on "The Coming of the Cat," finds that the domestic cat did not become a "familiar figure" in Europe until the first century of the Christian era. It was imported from Egypt. When the Romans finally evacuated Britain, about A.D. 436 the family cat was performing its toilet on the doorstep. But it was 500 years later before the cat got into the statute book.

In 936 Hywal Dda, Prince of South Wales, had a law enacted for the protection of cats. It seems that the Romans did not hold the animal in high esteem, for while "fragments of horses, dogs and goats" have been found in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, remains of the cat were absent.

Mr. Strong has collected some interesting etymological data. For instance, the gypsies who came from North Western India and brought cats with them called the female pishika. "This form," we are told, "seems to tally with the Persian pushek or pushqak," hence puss, the term of endearment. The old Egyptian name for the cat was ma-u, "an obvious onomatopoeic."

In the world's fairy tales, the cat is not less than the dog "the friend of man"; and "lucky" to its owner whether it be black or not (nobody can prove for certain, that "Puss in Boots" was a black cat!!). The story may be traced in many countries both of Northern and Southern Europe; our English form of it has most in common with the Russian and the Scandinavian. According to that delightful writer, the late Miss Queenie Scott-Hopper, it has been ascertained that a version was current in Persia before the end of the thirteenth century; and there are some well-known authorities who are inclined to assign to it a Buddhist origin.

HE LOST NOTHING

A lady who had given a dinner-party met her doctor in the street the following day, and stopped to speak to him.

"I am so sorry, doctor," she said, "that you were not able to come to my dinner-party last night; it would have done you good to be there."

"It has already done me good," he replied tersely. "I have just prescribed for three of the guests."—The Tatler.

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ROYALTY'S HOME

THIS year witnesses the centenary of Buckingham Palace, perhaps the best known of all our royal residences. It was in 1825 that building operations were commenced to convert Buckingham House into a home "fit for a king."

The site has a somewhat varied history and is intimately connected with an industry which has been well in the lime-light of late—silk. In the reign of James I., where Buckingham Palace now stands were the Mulberry Gardens, which had been laid out to provide English raw material for our silk manufacturers. The experiment failed, however, and the gardens were converted into a pleasure resort—a sort of seventeenth century Wembley on a small scale.

Later, Arlington House was built on the site of the gardens, and then, in its turn, gave way to Buckingham House, erected by the Duke of Buckingham in 1703. It was this house which was rebuilt, one hundred years ago, to make the palace we now know.

The rebuilding, which cost about £500,000, was commenced under George IV., but it was not until Queen Victoria's reign that the new palace was occupied by Royalty.

It was this circumstance which inspired "The Times," possibly for the first and only time in its career, to a conundrum. "Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest ever built?" asked the great and usually grave newspaper; and replied: "Because it was built for one sovereign and furnished for another."

At the beginning of its career as a Royal residence, Buckingham Palace was by no means so well organized as it is today. Division of labor, for instance, was carried to altogether too great extremes. It was the duty of the Lord Steward's department to lay the fires, but they could only be lit by the Lord Chamberlain's department. Then dishes from the royal kitchens had to be carried through endless corridors before they were served, so that they rarely arrived at table in perfect condition.

Most startling of all, it seemed possible for anyone to enter the palace. Shortly after Queen Victoria's marriage, a great sensation was caused by a boy named Jones, who claimed to have gained access to the private apartments of the palace, and to have overheard conversations between the Queen and the Prince Consort.

Buckingham Palace has been the scene of many magnificent Court functions, and is also intimately associated with the home life of our Royal Family. Most of Queen Victoria's children were born there, and it was in the palace that King Edward died.

Tennis in Literature

LAWN-TENNIS was never more popular than it is today, but it may surprise some people to know that references to the older game of real tennis in literature date back to the thirteenth century.

In "Troilus and Cryseyde" Chaucer has the following reference to tennis, which, obviously, he had often watched:

But canstow playen racket to and fro,

Nettle in, docke out, now this, now that, Pandare?

Froissart, the famous French historian of the fourteenth century, records quaintly:—

Gascone and his brother Yuan fell out together playing tennis, and Gascone gave him a blow.

"Tennis" as a Verb

Spencer, in one of his political pamphlets, speaks of a man's adversaries who "will so drive him from one side to another, and tennis him amongst themselves that he shall find no where safe." This is a curious and probably unique instance of "tennis" being used as a verb.

A striking moral reflection comes from Sir Philip Sidney in "Arcadia"; he says, ". . . in such a shadow mankind lives that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, like tennis balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers."

Shakespeare makes use of tennis in a great many instances to illustrate his players' actions and thoughts. The classic example occurs in Henry V., when the French king sends Henry a present of tennis balls, thereby implying that the English king was a weakling, and only fitted to play women's games. Henry replies in ironic vein:—

When we have matched our rackets to these balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a sett

Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

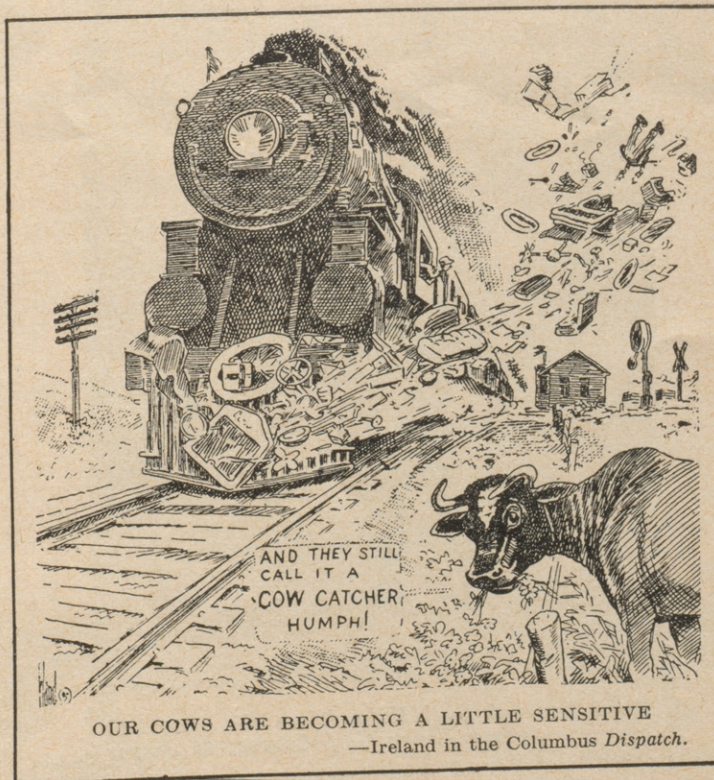
Dumas, in "Vingt Ans Après," tells an interesting story of the Duc de Beaufort's escape from the Château of Vincennes where he was confined. The duke was playing tennis in the grounds one day, when, by arrangement, a tennis ball was thrown to him by some friends below the walls. Secreted in the ball were instructions which enabled the prisoner to make his escape.

Ben Jonson, in "Epicoene," says: "This fellow waits on him, now in tennis courts socks, or slippers sol'd with wool."

ANOTHER TAX!

Orator—"And now, gentlemen, I wish to tax your memory."

Member of the Audience—"Good heavens has it come to that?"—Capper's Weekly.



Farewells of Great Men

DEATH-BED utterances in fiction are apt to be either pompous or sentimental. In real life, though many famous and touching farewells are recorded, they are words spoken for the most part in semi-consciousness. Their effect is pathetic rather than interesting.

Far otherwise are the valedictions of men in vigor of body and mind, fully aware that a hempen cord or a "cheap and chippy chopper" is about to put an end to their terrestrial career. Byron suggests somewhere that an anthology of the farewell speeches of great men who died on the scaffold would be more splendidly tragic than anything in all literature.

Some have become proverbial, like Mme. Roland's—supposed—exclamation: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" But the guillotine's victims were not encouraged to stand upon the order of their going. It is to an earlier and more spacious age that we must turn. An execution for treason in Tudor or Stuart times was an affair of such ceremony that one is almost tempted to imagine the illustrious prisoner composing his farewell remarks the night before the event.

Sir Walter Raleigh's end is typical of many:—

He took leave of the lords, knights, and gentlemen on the scaffold, and asked to see the axe; and when it was brought to him, he felt along the edge of it, and smiling, said to the sheriff: "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." He then prayed a little, and he having made the sign, the executioner cut off his head with two blows.

The Earl of Essex was an exception:—

All the tyme—the Erle never uttered worldlie thought, takinge no notice or leave of anie persoun more than other.

Wit on the Scaffold

Their courtly courage was astonishing. King Charles's composure on the scaffold is well known; but it would be hard to parallel Sir Thomas More's. "I pray thee see me safely up," he said to the lieutenant, "and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

Of more than one it might be said that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." That crafty old Jacobite intriguer, Simon, Lord Lovat, was as undaunted as any of them. His execution, at the age of eighty, for complicity in the '15 rebellion, is described in the contemporary "Gentleman's Mag-

azine," and also in an early novel of John Buchan's: "A Lost Lady of Old Years." A scaffold fell, killing several people, upon which Lovat grimly remarked: "The more mischief, the better sport." Seeing the immense crowds, "Why," he inquired, "should there be such a bustle about taking off an auld grey head that cannot get up three steps without two men to support it?"

Spectators flocked to a hanging or a beheading as to a public show. Barbarous, perhaps; but if anyone flatters himself that modern enlightenment has lessened public interest in executions, he has only to glance at our newspapers.

FIRST LETTER FROM NEW YORK

THE earliest existing letter from what is now New York City was written from the "Island of the Manhates" on the eighth of August, 1628, only two years after the purchase of the island from the Indians. The letter, which the late William Harris Arnold describes in his volume "Ventures in Book Collecting," was written by Jonas Michaelius, the first minister of the (Dutch) Reformed Church in America. Accompanied by his wife and three children, Dominie Michaelius arrived at the Island of the Manhates on the seventh of April, 1628. At the top of the first page of the letter is this greeting: "The Peace of Christ, Honorable, very wise, very prudent, sir, kind friend—Having a good opportunity to write to others, I was not inclined to neglect doing the same to your Honor. I had promised to write to your Honor, and old as well as new obligations rendered me your Honor's debtor in this regard." The letter briefly describes the voyage from Holland, which lasted seventy-three days. It was a tempestuous passage rendered additionally uncomfortable by the conduct of the arbitrary skipper and by "a very wicked and ungolly cock." The greater part of the letter, which covers three closely-written pages of the folio sheet, describes the conditions of living, the relations of the colonists with the Indians and the prospects of the little settlement. The fourth page bears the superscription, which, translated, reads: "Honorable, well learned, very wise, prudent, valiant and very discreet Sir D. Joannes Foreest, Secretary to the Hon. Lords of the Executive Council of the State of North Holland and West Friesland, residing at Hoorn. By friend whom God preserve."



Field Marshal Earl Haig drives the first ball over the Jasper Lodge Golf Course, at Jasper National Park.

A Page of Poetrie

Adventure

THIS desk is by a window; just a streaky patch of sky That frames the smoke of ferry-boats and squat tugs drudging by. But now and then his dim eyes glimpse a gray gull poised on high.

Forgotten then the ledgers dull, the cob-webbed desk, the strain Of deathly daily drudgery; and through his eager brain Sweep images of whitecapped blue; free breezes' wild refrain;

The magic of a deck-a-slant; the sting of salty spray; The witchery of moonlight's gleam across a palm-fringed bay; The tinkle of a temple bell in languorous Mandalay;

The flash of knives in narrow streets; the buzz of thronged bazaars; The rhythmic swing of chanteys roared by bronzed and carefree tars; And then—the creaking office-door restores his dungeon bars.

All day he chips malignant rust from anchor-fluke and chain, Obeys the will of hazing mates, nerves dulled with drink and pain. And ever-luring visions pass across his aching brain:

A cottage with a rose-framed door; a buxom, red-cheeked wife; A patch of ground to putter with; a sheltered job "for life," A haven from dread sun, chill rain, from tyrant Ocean's strife;

A corner in a quiet inn; cool drink; old friends, to stare Wide-eyed at tales of brawl or storm; clean sheets; grain-scented air; The glamor of a city's streets; the market-place; the fair;

The lowing herds at evensong; the twittering lark at dawn— And then a coarse voice hurls him back, and bids him labor on . . .

And thus Adventure calls to man—Fate's puppet and Life's pawn.

—Harold Willard Gleason.

Lyric

IF I have ever wished to set my brand Upon you, deathless, I am satisfied. You go—but never any jealous land Shall own you quite, nor circling years divide You from this moment's height; some things there are— I know full well—that leaves a fadeless scar.

So deeply have you drunk of me, it seems I am grown portion of your breath and bone; My shadow is the color of the dreams You feed upon. You go, but not alone; And though you fling your laughter to the wind, It will find echo in a sigh—behind.

Far, yellow noons shall burn your days to gold, But when comes twilight and her slim stars rise, You will hear footsteps curiously old,

"Song of Songs"

YOU walk as proudly as a pirate ship Walks on the sea, you have a falcon's eyes, Your hair is a black youth sold with white girls, Your words are scarlet dyes, You wear your silver beauty as a belt Which will not slip For any speech, You will not melt For gold Or for my soul Or for my sleep Or for my eyes, O roses set too high for man to reach.

—From "Song to Shahryar."

You will be looking into ghostly eyes. Some things can never be outworn,—I know, Because I had a lover, long ago. . . .

—Joan Dareth Prosper.

Go, Lovely Rose

GO, lovely Rose— Tell her that wastes her time and me, That now she knows, When I resemble her to thee, How sweet and fair she seems to be.

* * * *

Then die—that she The common fate of all things rare May read in thee; How small a part of time they share That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Edmund Waller (1606-87).

New Aid for the Deaf

TO sensitize the ear instead of attempting to amplify the sound-waves—that is the novel idea underlying the device for aiding the deaf invented by Byron E. Eldred, D.Sc., and described by him in an article in "Popular Radio" (New York). The idea originated in the observation that a deaf friend of the author regained practically normal hearing when riding in a closed automobile. While the motor was operating, a whisper could be heard, in lieu of the shout ordinarily required. By stopping and starting the car repeatedly, Dr. Eldred endeavored to judge of the probable frequency of the air wave vibration that produced this striking effect. He concluded the air wave to be one of substantially inaudible frequency, either above or below the limits of normal hearing. His next step was to develop an apparatus that would generate such inaudible air waves. Various experimental instruments were used, the essential parts of an installation for a small room being a driving motor, a low-frequency alternator, and a vacuum tube oscillator. One form of apparatus resembles a radio loudspeaker; in effect, it is a loudspeaker so adjusted as to produce amplified air waves too long or too short to produce the sensation of sound. These are the sensitizing waves that in some mysterious way render the ear drums of a certain number of deaf persons receptive to ordinary sounds which they can not interpret without this aid.

The inventor is careful to state that not all cases respond. He wishes above all things to guard against arousing false hopes. Yet he feels that results already attained prove the value of the principle. Indeed, he declares that "its truth has been demonstrated irrefutably in many cases, even in creating good hearing and normal-toned speech in a child of six, who had been classed as a deaf mute." Results so nearly miraculous must be exceptional; the general uses of the sensitizing wave, as at present studied, may be judged from the author's cautiously phrased yet confident statements in the article under review. Referring to the sensitizing wave as a "sustained air wave of suitable pre-determined character and of inaudible frequency, or one approaching the limits of normal hearing," he says:

"When such a wave is generated in a room, church or theatre, many persons of defective hearing located within this area find their ears responsive to reception of sounds such as are provided for persons of normal hearing. The effect

of the wave, while unnoticed by either the deaf persons or others, is to sensitize deaf ears to the reception of sounds which would not otherwise be heard, or which if heard would be unintelligible, like the confused jumble of distorted radio reception.

"The wave is preferably of a low frequency and of suitable amplitude to suit the peculiar case of deafness that is to be relieved; but for applications in churches or theatres a wave of suitable average character is supplied.

"When the application of the wave is made to an individual case, the peculiar condition should be carefully studied to obtain the best results. The wave best suited for a particular condition of hearing is determined by experiment and test, and is prescribed as the oculist prescribes lenses for correcting defective vision.

"The wave generators are then installed at the office or home of the deaf person for use as the special case demands. It is evident in some cases that the relief afforded by the sensitizing wave persists as a 'carry-over' effect. Many deaf people leave the presence of the wave in their homes (for shopping expeditions, for example, or to attend a theatre) and again reach home before the return of deafness. As a general rule the use of the sensitizing wave is for half-hour periods, and is discontinued until deafness returns.

"The 'carry-over' phenomenon, while gratifying in the extreme, offers a con-

fusing problem. This odd effect lasted as long as forty-eight hours in one case; in another case a woman who was profoundly deaf, after an hour under the wave influence, travelled by train the entire night and next day reported hearing her baby's voice for the first time.

"After extended research I was impressed with the fact that each case requires special attention to produce best results. A difficult problem was presented in making accurate tests of defective hearing, because, while it may be perfectly evident to others present, the deaf person hears or does not hear and can not quite be satisfied that hearing ability is not due to increased magnitude of the voice.

"A test that quite convinces the deaf person was fortunately suggested by Prof. Robert W. Wood of Johns Hopkins University, whose hearty co-operation has provided many valuable suggestions. We placed two deaf persons before a phonograph that reproduced a spoken record descriptive of an opera. After allowing the subjects to become thoroughly familiar with the record, and to seat themselves in front of the phonograph at distances which they determined as the maximum for distinguishing the words clearly, measurement showed these respective distances as five and a half and six feet.

"The chairs were then removed six inches farther and both people reported that no words were intelligible. The wave was then turned on and clear reception of sound was immediately experienced by the two deaf subjects of the test. The two persons were then asked to move away from the phonograph to distances at which they could again just distinguish the sounds clearly. The result was that they moved to the end of the room, which was twenty feet long.

"The greater distance at which the subjects demonstrated reception ability shows more than 1,000 per cent increased audition for this particular given volume of sound. Such a test affords an accurate measure, because sound waves decrease in inverse proportion to the square of the distance.

"A peculiar unexplained condition of hearing in deaf persons has long been recognized but not satisfactorily explained. In fact, many aurists have recently endeavored to set aside the idea of this condition by refusing to admit its existence as a fact. This condition is designated by the name 'paracusis,' a term that has been accepted to describe the ability of certain deaf persons to

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hear while surrounded by noise or vibrating conditions, such, for example, as when they are riding in a train or in an automobile. Any person with defective hearing who experiences this sensation may be confident of relief by a suitably adjusted sensitizing wave.

"In making a study of the condition that is called paraculis, I have yet to learn of a case where increased hearing ability persisted after the person affected was removed from the influence. Although my studies point convincingly to the conclusion that the sensitizing wave functions similarly to the vibrations of the train and motor, I can only surmise that the quality of the sensitizing wave is responsible for the 'carry-over' effect.

"No harm can possibly be done to deaf persons by the application of the wave because it is one that human ears are always unconsciously receiving. The value of the wave can be fully obtained only by intelligent application. Especial attention will be paid to devising means which will allow aurists to fit the wave with the like degree of satisfaction that the oculist derives from fitting lenses for correcting defective vision.

"It is anticipated that many aurists will misunderstandingly disagree with my theories, but I feel compelled, because of results obtained and the co-operation of several eminent authorities, to give to the world an idea which I fully recognize as requiring further effort to obtain ultimate results.

"While I have experienced the greatest satisfaction from results obtained, it must be understood that there have been accompanying disappointments. Above all things I do not wish to arouse false hopes. Many prominent otologists have made the same remark to me when discussing the invention: "It seems too good to be true." But its truth has been demonstrated irrefutably in many cases even in creating good hearing and normal-toned speech in a child of six, who had been classed as a deaf mute."

The Shadow

(By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.)

SPEAKING of Ranelagh—that popular centre of gaiety and amusement for Londoners in the eighteenth century—Dr. Johnson said: "It went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and

think; but that the thoughts of each individual there would be distressing when alone."

There is a similar confession by a living writer, Basil King, who says in his "Conquest of Fear": "Having a good many responsibilities I lived in terror of not being able to keep pace with their demands. The dread was like a malign invisible presence, never leaving me. . . . 'This is all very well,' it would whisper in moments of pleasure, 'but it will be over in an hour or two, and then you'll be alone with me as before.'"

The experience thus feelingly described is familiar to all who have to fight their way through life.

Who does not know what it is to wake in the morning with a weight on one's heart?

For a moment, perhaps, you do not recollect what it is that oppresses you; you are only conscious that something is wrong; but the next instant the whole black flood of awareness sweeps over you and buries everything out of sight except your trouble.

At ordinary times, too, a man generally has enough on his mind to make him turn reluctantly from the hour of relaxation to that of reflection or strenuous endeavor.

Deliverance comes with the realization that there is within us all a Power that wishes us well, and has more to do with shaping our lives than we have ourselves.

It will always find a way out if we learn to trust to it and possess our souls in quietness.

It is the power of God.

Trees constantly strive among themselves for the possession of certain localities. The distribution of trees changes very remarkably from one century to another.

HELEN

WHEN you are very old, at dusk
by candlelight,
Talking beside the fire the
while you spin your wool,
Singing my verse, you'll say, as something wonderful,
Thus Ronsard, long ago, for love of me
did write.

Then not a serving maid, grown drowsy
with the night
And slumbering o'er the task she plies
beneath your rule,
But startled at my name, will quit her
spinning-stool
To bless your name with praise the years
shall never blight.

I shall be in my grave, a disembodied
ghost,
Resting where myrtles bloom along the
shadowy coast;
You crouching o'er the hearth will be
an aged crone,

Regretting all the love you proudly put
away.
Wait for no morrow. Ah! believe me,
snatch today
The roses of your life, that shall so
soon be gone.

Ronsard.

(Translated by George Wyndham.)

What earth calls our greatest losses
are often our highest gains.

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Queer Finds By Souvenir Hunters

THE controversy over the horns of Jenner's cow, from which he obtained lymph for the first inoculation against smallpox, is typical of many remarkable and amusing mementoes.

The cow already has about six authentic horns, according to various claimants. In the same way, sacred relics of the Cross and various saints can be "authentically" produced in such quantities as to give dozens of the original article.

Recently Napoleon's last shirt, the last glass he drank from, and a piece of his coffin realized considerable prices from eager memento gatherers.

A few months ago, when the Earl of Ashburnham died, it was revealed that a chest in the keeping of the family contained the shirt in which Charles I. was executed.

It was recently recorded that when a party of American sightseers were being shown over Abbotsford, a former home of Sir Walter Scott, a splinter was kicked up off the floor. The man who was showing the party round threw the splinter aside, but a tourist eagerly picked it up and divided it into portions, to be kept as mementoes.

One can almost understand a rich collector paying £350 (\$1,750) for an autograph manuscript of Burns's song, "O wat ye wha's in yon town?" but when we read of £20 (\$100) being paid for the dog-collar worn by the famous dog Fulkerton, which won the Waterloo Cup on four occasions, one begins to wonder where memento hunters will stop.

ARE INSECT NOISES MEANINGLESS?

THE plaintive love-song of the cricket, the cheerful fiddling of the katydid and all the other insect sounds that make summer nights in the country so romantic—and often so unbearable—may have no meaning at all to the insects themselves. Dr. Frank E. Lutz, curator of insects in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, speaking recently before the Entomological Society of America and the Ecological Society of America, challenged the idea that every sound that an insect made had its meaning. He said, as quoted in Science Service's Daily Science News Bulletin (Washington):

Judged by human ears, the best insect-musicians of to-day belong to rather primitive orders. The more advanced groups, such as ants, bees, flies, and butter-flies, make no sounds that we can hear or else, at most, what seem to us to be nothing more than faint squeaks, buzzes, hums, or

In fact, some of them do not know where to stop, for a short time ago a fine marble medallion was hacked out of the porch at Sir Francis Bacon's old home in Hertfordshire.

Early this year the clothes worn by President Lincoln when he was assassinated were sold by auction, and fetched several thousand dollars. Even then some souvenir hunters had got there first, for the overcoat had no sleeves, and several other parts had been cut away to form mementoes.

Hairs of murderers and assassins are frequently sought by morbid-minded souvenir hunters, and a record, duly authenticated, of the death of Napoleon states that small parts of Napoleon's corpse were taken away during the autopsy.

Robinson Crusoe's gun was sold last year for £215 (\$1,075)—an old flint-lock musket dating back to about 1700.

Not long ago a Frenchman startled historic circles by claiming to have bought the skull of Henry IV.

But perhaps the most comical case of memento-hunting occurred quite recently. The Mayoress of Grimsby, England, opened a local swimming-bath by being the first to plunge in. She wore an attractive silk costume. This apparently proved so delightful that it was stolen soon after, when drying in her garden. The story was made public, and a little while after a man cycled past the Mayoress's house and threw a parcel into the garden. It contained the costume undamaged. Apparently the admirer had repented!

clicks. However, it is entirely probable—indeed, practically certain—that insect sounds are not made for the purpose of being heard by human ears. Whether the insects themselves hear these sounds is the important question and one that has not been—possibly can not be—determined beyond all doubt. In this connection it should be remembered that, in man's affairs at least, many sounds are made without intention and even contrary to desire—for example, sneezing and snoring. No part of the success of a certain popular kind of automobile is due to the various and often loud noises emitted by the machine in action. Using an illustration more applicable to the present subject, the armor of the knights of old creaked and rattled as they moved. Their fellows were able to hear these sounds and reacted to them. A rough spot in a particular joint increased the sound made by the moving of that joint. Now, if the armor-maker purposely designed these joints to creak

or if the wearer purposely creaked his armor, even if for no other motive than to tickle his pride (as has been the case with wearers of squeaking shoes), then the creaking of the joint had a significance analogous to that usually claimed for certain sounds made by insects—there was an adaptation of structure to sound production. But, considering now the sounds made by insects, if they are merely incidental to friction between parts of their body, analogous to unintentional squeaks and rattles of knightly armor, then those sounds have no biological significance, except as they may betray the insect to its enemies.

A DRUG WITH X-RAY QUALITIES

IN an article contributed to Le Matin (Paris), Dr. Pierre Louis Rehm tells of a communication made to the Academy of Science in which two French collaborators, one of them director of the Bureau of Hygiene at Rheims, announce the discovery that a familiar antiseptic hypochlorite of sodium, may exercise its germ-destroying action without being brought into actual contact with the germs. A quartz tube containing the antiseptic diluted with water from the tap is placed in a receptacle containing a contaminated fluid, and left there for twenty-four hours, when, according to the report, about one-fourth of the microbes have been destroyed.

Under these paradoxical conditions, the germicidal action of the drug is reported to be more active in the dark than in the light—a matter of significance, since sunlight is known to be germicidal. Says Dr. Rehm:

The explanation? There is only the hypothesis of M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, of the experimenters, to the effect that the molecule of sodium hypochlorite, in attacking organic matter, must emit rays analogous to ultraviolet rays in the germicidal action. That is the reason why quartz tubes, which transmit ultraviolet light are used, instead of glass, which is opaque to this light.

It is possible that this unpredictable discovery may have important applications in the fields of medicine and hygiene. Galvani's experiment with frogs was a small affair, yet it contained the germ of the modern development of electricity. Recently, for the first time, it became known that an antiseptic may act without contact—as it were, by induction.

All of which may be said to be important if true. Doubtless experiments so startling in their seeming implications will not long await verification or refutation at the hands of other workers.

Brock, The Badger

IN an old-world village in the shadow of the South Downs, England, lives a man known far through his countryside as the badger-digger. Badgers have been the chief study and hobby of his life, and, being an observant field-naturalist, in half an hour he will tell one more about badgers than might be learned from many books. It is pleasant to sit in his neat cottage, with its mats of badger-skins, and listen to his yarns on the ways of one of the most mysterious wild animals.

Though he may dig out twenty or thirty badgers in a year from their downland fastnesses, we are glad to learn that not all are killed, as there is a demand for young ones to be reared as pets, treatment to which they yield kindly, growing devoted to their masters. But a price is set on their heads by gamekeepers, on account of their reputed liking for game-birds' eggs. It is a pity that the badger, who does useful work in keeping down beetles, worms, and grubs, and in destroying wasp-nests, should ever give cause for reprisals, for though a secretive beast, rarely seen, and strictly nocturnal, and rarely heard

—few have heard his mysterious screeching when roaming for a mate on an autumn night—it is always pleasant to know that he flourishes on such hills as the South Downs and the Chilterns.

There can be no excuse, of course, for digging out badgers so that they may make what is called sport with terriers; though the badger can give a good account of himself and with fair play would be a match for most dogs.

The badger-digger makes a little money by selling the skins privately for mats and the like, for a pound or so apiece, but dealers pay only a few shillings for the skins bought for the sake of the bristles, which make the perfect shaving-brush; and one wonders where all the badger-hair brushes come into being. The digger breeds choice native song-birds, catches snakes, and exercises the snake-charmer's arts.

He tells of the wonderful love of badgers for old badger-quarters, which may be effaced, and yet will be occupied again; and how if one badger is dug out and carried away from his residence, others will occupy the earth. A common idea about badgers is that they hibernate

in winter, and come forth in early spring and have young in May and June. But in mild winters they scarcely lay up, and even in snow their tracks reveal that they have been abroad. The digger has found young badgers, a day old, as early as the first day of February.

The mother badger is responsible for rearing her family. Old Brock, the father, having settled one enchanter in his "sett," is likely to go roaming off for another. He may live to a vast age, according to the badger-digger, who judges by the worn teeth of the veterans. The largest old badger he has encountered measured a yard in length, including the tail, stood a foot high at the shoulder, and weighed 42 pounds. He had worn away all save four of his eight-and-thirty teeth; he looked, as his captor said, "as old as Adam."

Having lost the Kaiser, Germany has some reason to feel that she won the war.—Toledo Blade.

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HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

Britain Celebrates Hundred Years of Railroading



Upper—Stephenson's first engine on the Stockton & Darlington Railways. Insert—The interior of the observation car on the Canadian Pacific Trans-Canada. Lower—The Trans-Canada leaving Montreal.

The old Stockton and Darlington Railway, in England, is a matter of history now. Its board of directors is no more; its inventor has passed to his reward; its rolling stock, or what survives of it, rests in peace in museums—having served its day and been left behind in the march of progress.

But this year—a century since the time when the Stockton and Darlington Railway was regarded as a marvellous engineering achievement and threatened the supremacy of the stage coach as a means of long-distance transportation—the ancient engines have been taken down from their pedestals, the wheels oiled, the rust removed and once again high hatted gentlemen and bonnetted maidens have been bumped along from Stockton to Darlington behind the first real locomotive England ever had.

Thus the people of Great Britain celebrated its railway centenary. Processions of defunct rolling stock, and rolling stock that is almost defunct illustrated the evolution of railway transportation and gave to the rising generation an insight into the

agonies our grandparents had to endure if they wished to go from one place to another by train. The Duke and Duchess of York attended the celebrations and, watching the parades, became thoroughly infected with the spirit of the occasion. All those who took part in the processions, and some of those who didn't, dressed in the costumes of the period, giving to the celebrations an atmosphere altogether in keeping with the nature of the celebration.

By way of showing the wonderful development that has taken place in railroading since the first engine painfully puffed its way from Darlington to Stockton there is shown above one of the engines used in the centenary celebrations pulling a replica of the original train contrasted with the ultra-modern Trans-Canada, the all-steel Canadian Pacific Train, which nowadays conveys its passengers from one part of the Dominion to another, three thousand miles away, at a speed considered unattainable by our forefathers, and in greater comfort and security than many of them enjoyed at home.

The Beginning of Railway Travel

THIS year the railways celebrate their centenary. It was in 1825 that the first line, the Stockton and Darlington Railway, was opened. This line was a single track, and Stephenson drove his own engine on the pioneer trip.

A signalman on horseback rode in advance of the train, which moved off at the gallant pace of ten miles an hour. The "locomotion," as the engine was called, weighed seven tons, and its chimney soon became red hot, but the journey was accomplished without any casualties.

At that time railway lines were more or less public property. The coaching companies, that is to say, were at liberty to run their coaches on the railway line in competition with the steam-engine.

Various coaching companies availed themselves of the privilege. They had the wheels of their vehicles altered to fit the rails and ran horsedrawn coaches along the railway. For this privilege they paid the railway company an agreed toll, and enjoyed the advantage of being able to run a coach with one horse, where four would have been needed on the high-road.

For a time it looked as though horsepower would beat the steam-engine, which was costing two-thirds more than the horse-drawn coach to run. But a new engine, designed by Timothy Hackworth and called the "Royal George," started work in September, 1827, and the horse-drawn coach presently began to disappear. By 1833 the railway company had bought out the coaching companies.

To the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, which was opened in 1830, belongs the distinction of having put into commission the first high-power steam-engine. The directors of the company offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best locomotive. Three were produced and run against one another in an open competition near Rainhill, in October, 1829.

These engines were the "Sanspareil," by Timothy Hackworth; the "Novelty," by John Braithwaite and John Ericson; and the "Rocket," by George and Robert Stephenson. The "Sanspareil" and "Novelty" both broke down during the trials; the "Rocket," weighing four and a quarter tons, carried off the prize.

The era of the steam railway had now been definitely inaugurated, and in 1837 Euston Station was opened as the London terminus of the London and Birmingham Railway Company. The railway pioneers, however, had tremendous difficulties to overcome.

Perils of the Rails

There was widespread prejudice against the new means of locomotion, and there was also a widespread desire to make money out of the new development. Land and compensation cost the companies a pretty penny before they obtained leave to construct the necessary lines. The average cost per mile for land and compensation paid by the companies has been worked out as follows:

London & Birmingham Co.	£6,300 per mile.
Great Western Railway	£6,696 " "
London & South-Western	£4,000 " "
London, Brighton and South Coast Railway.	£8,000 " "

While this was a serious matter, the attitude of the general public towards railways in those early times was distinctly funny. In a Liverpool paper of 1824 some of the objections are mentioned, thus:

"Elderly gentlemen are of opinion that they shall not be able to cross the railroads without the certainty of being run over; young gentlemen are naturally fearful that the pleasant comforts and conveniences of their foxes and pheasants may not have been sufficiently consulted. Ladies think that cows will not graze within view of locomotive engines."

In the "Creevey Papers," edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, there is an amusing letter by Mr. Creevey, describing his first trip on a railway in the year 1829. The worthy man was violently prejudiced against railways, but he made the journey for the sake of experience. He writes:

"Today we have had a lark of a very high order. Lady Wilton sent over yesterday from Knowsley to say that the locomotive machine was to be upon the railway at such a place at twelve o'clock, for the Knowsley party to ride in it if they liked, and invited this house to be of the party. . . .

"I had the satisfaction, for I can't call it pleasure, of taking a trip of five miles in it, which we did in just a quarter of an hour—that is, twenty miles an hour. As accuracy upon the subject was my great object, I held my

watch in my hand at starting and all the time, and as it has a second hand I knew I could not be deceived. It is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident happening. It gave me a headache which has not left me yet.

"The smoke is very inconsiderable indeed, but sparks of fire are abroad in some quantity; one burnt Miss de Ros' cheek, another a hole in Lady Maria's silk pelisse, and a third a hole in someone else's gown. Altogether I am extremely glad indeed to have seen this miracle and to have travelled in it. Had I thought worse of it than I do I should have had the curiosity to try it; but, having done so, I am quite satisfied with my first achievement being my last."

The fearsome dangers then supposed to be inseparable from railway travelling were amusingly expressed in "Punch," which published a cartoon, "How to Insure Against Railway Accidents." The answer was—"Tie a couple of directors à la Mazeppa to every engine that starts with a train," and the picture showed two directors tied on top of an engine with ropes.

Mr. Punch also waxed poetic on the same subject. Here are two verses from an ode of his, entitled, "To My Puff Puff":

"Puff me away from the noise and the worry;
Puff me away from the desolate town:
Puff me—but don't be in too great a hurry;
Puff me, but don't in a tunnel break down.

"Puff me away, far from Parliament's houses;
For brown moors of Scotland my soul is athirst,
For a smell of the heather, a pop at the grouses.
Puff me, but mind that your boiler don't burst."

Neither ridicule nor prejudice could stop the coming of the steam age, however, and slowly but surely the railways lengthened. By 1844 the English railways averaged a length of fifteen miles apiece. What vast strides have been made since then!

Snap-Shotting a Comic Opera King

FOR the first time in their lives, the King of Muli and his Living Buddha have had their pictures taken. Probably Mr. Joseph F. Rock, before whose camera they posed, is the first American ever to visit their strange little domain in Western China, for we are told that "the Europeans who have passed through during the last hundred years can be counted on the fingers of one hand." Because of bandits along the way, it is a dangerous region to visit, and the king had warned Mr. Rock against them by letter. Nevertheless, the American took the risk—he was leader of the National Geographic Society's Yunnan Province Expedition and used to taking risks—and now we have the story of his reception at the king's palace as related in "The National Geographic Magazine":

My caravan finally arrived. I donned my best and sallied forth to meet the king. The prime minister, or lord treasurer, and the king's secretary, who spoke Chinese excellently, accompanied me to the palace—a large stone structure on the lower edge of Muli, built sixty years ago.

I took with me my Siamese boy, the Tibetan cook, and two Nashi servants, all dressed in their best and carrying as presents for the king a gun and 250 rounds of ammunition.

We were escorted to the palace square, which is surrounded by a temple, from which issued the discordant sounds of trumpets, conch shells, drums, and gongs, besides weird bass grumblings of officiating monks.

The gateway to the palace was imposing. At either side of it two large bundles of whips were displayed to impress the villagers.

Immediately within the gate is the king's stable, ill-smelling and dark, leading into a small, oblong courtyard graced by a stunted tree, supposed to lend cheer to the sombre place.

We ascended a broad, steep stairway in utter darkness. The steps were close and narrow and the railing was so low to the ground as to be useless. I had to feel my way.

Two flights up and we stood before a greasy curtain, black from the marks of buttered hands. A Hsifan servant drew it aside and we passed through an ante-chamber, then a large, bright room, and we were in the presence of the king.

On my approach he rose, bowed, and beckoned me to a chair next to a small table loaded with Muli delicacies. He occupied a chair, facing me.

Here follows Mr. Rock's description of Muli's ruler:

I had great difficulty in distinguishing my host's features, as he sat with his back to the light coming from an open bay window, while he watched every muscle of my face.

The king stood 6 feet 2 inches, in high embroidered Tibetan boots of velvet. He was 36 years old, of powerful frame; his head was large, with high cheekbones and low forehead. His muscles were weak, as he neither exercises nor works. His manner was dignified and kind, his laugh gentle, his gestures graceful.

He wore a red, togalike garment, which left one arm bare. Below the tunic was a gold and silver brocaded vest, and on his left wrist a rosary.

The king has one younger brother, a coarse individual, who looks more like a coolie than a prince. The latter, who wore silk garments lined with fur, and uncut diamonds on his fingers, carries on the family.

At the king's right was a group of lamas in most deferential attitudes, with bowed heads and folded hands, awaiting his slightest suggestion. Next to the lamas stood my servants, much bolder than the king's prime minister.

I spoke first, saying that I had heard much of the splendors of Muli and of the king's beneficence, and that I had long wished to meet him. He replied that Muli was a very poor place, and that he felt honored by my visit, coming, as I had, from so dis-

tant a country as America, whence no other man had ever come to Muli.

Evidently, His Majesty was as interested in his visitor as his visitor was in him, for Mr. Rock continues:

I doubt whether until that time he had known of the discovery of America. He did not have the slightest idea of the existence of an ocean, and thought all land to be contiguous, for he asked if he could ride horseback from Muli to Washington, and if the latter was near Germany.

During a lull in the conversation, he whispered to his prime minister, but kept an eye on me. The embarrassed official translated, with folded hands and forward-bent body, a most astonishing question: "Have the white people stopped fighting and are they again at peace?"

The next inquiry was whether a king or a president ruled great China.

Then, the king suddenly held forth his hand, asked me to feel his pulse and tell him how long he was to live! From this he jumped to field-glasses, asking if I had a pair with me which would enable him to see through mountains.

He then whispered some orders to a lama, who, with great reverence and hands folded in prayer, said "Lhaso, Lhaso," a term of humble acquiescence, and, walking backward, retired.

I glanced around the audience chamber. It was a room of considerable size, well decorated with frescoes in rather garish colors, depicting scenes from the life of Buddha and lesser gods. The pillars supporting the ceiling were red and adorned with a sort of gold appliqué work.

Odd as it may seem, in all this Lamaistic splendor there was a Western touch, for on the crimson-painted posts were clothes-hooks with white porcelain knobs, such as one would expect to find on trees in a cheap German beer-garden. Suspended from the rafters and from the walls were old-fashioned kerosene cellar lamps, with rusty rings for protection of the chimneys. That they were meant for decoration was obvious, as no kerosene ever reaches this king's domain.

No matches or candles could be had here, and the black, greasy necks of all the lamas, including the king and Living Buddha, showed that soap was not in demand.

The prime minister soon returned with a stereopticon and some faded photographs. The king evidently thought this a splendid opportunity to

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satisfy his curiosity. The pictures were handed me one by one, and I had to explain what they represented. The first was the dining-room of the White House, in Washington; the others ranged from Windsor Castle to Norwegian fjords, and wound up with a jolly pre-war crowd in a German beer-garden.

I interpreted, as best I could, these representations of our Western life, to all of which the king nodded silently, not much the wiser, I should judge.

After the lecture, the king urged me to partake of Muli delicacies. There was gray-colored buttered tea in a porcelain cup set in exquisite silver filigree with a coral-studded silver cover. On a golden plate was what I thought to be, forgetting where I was, Turkish delight, but it proved to be ancient mottled yak cheese, interspersed with hair. There were cakes like pretzels, heavy as rocks.

The American owns up to having been a good deal embarrassed by all this, but, to avoid offending the king, he took a sip of tea, "which was like salted liquid mud." Reading on—

I then requested the privilege of taking photographs in Muli, and, if he would permit, some of His Majesty himself; whereupon he smiled in acquiescence. The hour was set for the next morning after prayers.

While we were talking about photography, the king issued an order to the lamas. They rushed out and returned in a few minutes with two huge boxes tied in skins, from which, to my astonishment, they took two cameras of French make, with fine portrait lenses; also an Eastman kodak, boxes with plates, rolls of printing paper, and spools of film—all of which had been opened and examined in broad daylight!

When I explained that all the plates and films and papers had been ruined, they laughed in unison and momentarily His Majesty's presence was for-

gotten. The king explained that the outfit was a present from a rich Chinese trader who once passed through his kingdom.

There were chemicals sufficient to start a photographic shop, but none of the court knew what they were. They watched me in awe, as I read the labels, and the king, without asking my permission, detailed a trembling lama to come to my home that very afternoon and learn all about photography within an hour!

I pitied the poor lama whose destiny decreed him to be the king's photographer. Although he was a very humble apprentice at my rough studio, he must have wished me elsewhere. He learned about as much that afternoon as the meandering yaks outside my house.

After two lamas brought trays filled with mandarins and pretzels, I bowed and left His Majesty, who accompanied me to the greasy curtain, which he raised to let me pass.

No sooner had Mr. Rock arrived at his rustic home than the prime minister came with nine stalwart natives bringing presents from the king:

There were eggs in plenty; a large bag of the whitest rice, two bags of beans for the horses and one of flour; one wormy ham; dried mutton; lumps of gritty salt, more of that doubtful yak cheese, and butter wrapt in birch bark.

All the gift-bearers stood as I distributed silver coins. Three cakes of scented soap were presented to the prime minister.

As the king's porters left, a hungry mob of beggars gathered outside our gate. The dried legs of mutton and yak cheese were literally walking all over the terrace of our house, being propelled by squirming maggots the size of a man's thumb. I was informed that these were the choicest delicacies from the king's larder. As none of my party

wanted the lively food, we gave it to the beggars, who fought for it like tigers.

All afternoon there droned from the sword temple, near the palace, the mournful sound of trumpets, gongs, and conch shells, occasionally accompanied by brass cymbals and the beating of a drum. In the evening, the king's soldiers played the bugles and drums in military fashion; a shot was fired at 8 p.m. and a bugler sounded taps.

When I had opportunity to decipher the king's calling card I learned that though his name is, briefly, Chote Chaba, his full appellation is "Hsiang tz'n Ch'eng cha Pa, by appointment self-existent Buddha, Min Chi Hutuk-tu, or living Buddha, possessor of the first grade of the Order of the Striped Tiger; former leader of the Buddhist Church in the office of the occupation commissioner, actual investigation officer in matters relating to the affairs of the barbarous tribes; honorary major-general of the army, and hereditary civil governor of Muli, Honorific: Opening of Mercy."

The ruler's knowledge of Tibetan was very poor, and of Chinese he knew next to nothing. He used to reside in Kulu before he became king, and was the Living Buddha of its monastery.

Early next morning the trumpeters were busy and the drummers too. About 10 a.m. we made our way to Muli proper, within the walls, to take photographs of the temples, buildings, prayer wheels, and other things of note. The king was attending prayers.

The massive palace had window frames painted an ultramarine blue, and decorated ends of beams bearing the Buddhist colors of red and yellow. In the windows were wooden shutters made like doors. The windows may now have glass, for I suggested to the king that he have the photographic plates washed and used as window-

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panes, since they were useless for making pictures.

The prime minister guided us through Muli, even to the great sanctuary, called Churah, surrounded by a special wall. A rude monk was about to slam the big gate in my face, when he spied the prime minister, and humbly with out-sticking tongue, threw it wide open.

A long flight of rocky steps led to the inner shrine, housing many gilded gods under yellow silk umbrellas. In the centre, as if on a throne, was one swaddled in yellow cloth, entirely hidden, too sacred to be gazed upon.

This sanctuary was the only place where we were asked not to take any pictures unless the king himself were with us and gave permission.

Long cylindrical umbrellas of blue, yellow, and purple silk hung from the ceiling, while against the whole length of the posterior wall was stretched an enormous painting of Buddhist scenes.

The adjoining house was empty. To the right of the sacred shrine was a garden with a pavilion at the upper end, in front of which was an open platform. To its left was a square, raised seat of stone.

In the pavilion is a throne which Chote Chaba occupies once every three months, when all the lamas gather to undergo examination in the Buddhist scriptures. The beautiful painting, forming the back of the throne, represents Kwan-Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy.

We descended through narrow lanes by lama houses, each with firewood stored for the winter beneath the pine-board roofs, to the main palace square.

The monarch caught sight of Mr. Rock from his window and beckoned, so up went the American and made ready to take his first photograph. He tells us:

I selected a spot against the wall, under the fat-bellied God of Luck. The monks flew in all directions, and brought numerous well-wrapped bundles containing beautiful carpets, tiger skins, gold brocade, and yellow embroidered silks and shawls. The throne was placed on the spot selected, and the carpets, cushions, and hangings arranged satisfactorily.

After a kneeling lama had taken off the king's boots, he stepped nimbly to the throne and sat cross-legged, his merry, boyish face assuming a solemn expression. A yellow and white silk cloak was placed over his shoulders and a yellow hood upon his head.

The king's dogs—three King Charles spaniels—jumped on his lap, where they usually repose. With a display

of great affection, the royal pets were finally sent away, at my orders.

Then the king sat motionless for nearly twenty minutes, while I took my poses. When all was finished, he stepped gleefully from the throne—a different man.

We sat down and chatted while the new lama photographer was announced. The poor soul crawled into the royal presence on hands and knees and did not raise his eyes until his sovereign touched him on the head in blessing. Then, folding his hands, he whispered with insucked breath an account of the progress he had made in his new office as court photographer.

The king expressed a wish to have me photograph his lama officials and body-guard, which I gladly did. When I withdrew, he presented me with long bolts of woollen cloth called pula, on top of which he placed his rosary, unwound from his left wrist. We parted the best of friends.

Before I left, the lamas took me to an enormous chapel wherein sat enthroned the statue of a gigantic Buddha, fifty feet in height, made of bronze and covered with gilt and golden bands. Owing to lack of

space, I had to be content with photographing the Buddha's head from the upper gallery, where monks were busy making silk hats for the king's entourage.

After luncheon I was escorted to the palace square, where the king's officers and soldiers, his private guard, were assembled. Two lama officers in spotless garments and packets of gold brocade, were the military chiefs of Muli. One was a stout, powerfully built man, with short mustache, the other was lean and almost lost in the folds of his uniform.

The soldiers were splendidly arrayed in red woollen cloth trimmed with leopard fur. They also wore tall red turbans, Tibetan boots of black cloth trimmed with red leather, and in their sashes short swords in silver sheaths.

While these gorgeous warriors were having their pictures taken, his majesty watched from the palace window, and Mr. Rock continues:

Presently he sent word that he wished me to photograph his charger fully caparisoned; but to this I demurred unless the king should come down and ride the horse. He declined, saying there were too many people about, and that he did not wish to be seen. He would, however, send down the Living Buddha of the monastery. This pleased me more, as the latter had not yet come before the camera.

The royal steed was an old "plug", unworthy of its splendid trappings. The saddle-blanket was of heavy golden-yellow cloth, with a border of Buddhist emblems. Over it was placed another of silk and gold brocade, and on them a saddle frame of gold, beautifully carved, and covered with a heavy cloth of golden thread. The leather straps were similarly covered. Over the horse's mane hung magnificent silk drapings of purple, yellow, blue and gold. A golden knob resembling a Buddhist stupa was placed ceremoniously on its head.

When the horse was fully arrayed, the living Buddha came through the sombre palace gate. He was a boy of 18 years, quite handsome, with rosy cheeks glowing from behind an unsuccessful wash. He wore the regulation lama robe of red, with gold brocade, and from his shoulders flowed a silken mantle with embroidered disks and borders. Then appeared the lord high treasurer with a hat of solid gold, wherewith the boy was crowned.

It was a splendid scene, worthy to be recorded on an autochrome plate, but, unfortunately, I could preserve it only in black and white.

The king's temple, with wide curtains twisted around its pillars, made

THE WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,

With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—

World, you are wonderfully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree:

It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,

And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,

With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,

And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small—
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:

"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;

You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

William Brighty Rands.

a splendid background. When the Living Buddha appeared, all natives of low degree vanished like the smoke from the incense-offering chimneys in front of the palace. The sky grew dark-gray, and presently snow began to fall. I had to hurry to make the photographs.

Though the Living Buddha now wears a golden hat and a silken mantle, he is the son of a Tibetan beggar, and Mr. Rock tells us how, when an infant, he had greatness thrust upon him, vastly to the astonishment of his parents. The story runs thus:

When the former Living Buddha of Muli died, he gave directions as to where his reincarnation might be found. The lamas sallied forth to seek his soul in some infant born about the hour of the late Buddha's demise. They took with them certain of the latter's possessions.

Having found a baby born at the specified time, they displayed the objects. When the child reached for a rosary, this was deemed conclusive proof that the true Living Buddha had been discovered. Thereupon the baby was carried with great pomp to the lamasery, to be worshipped thenceforth by all Muli, even the king.

What joy came to that beggar family! His mother now dwells in comfort in a house outside of Muli, while his father has passed on. The boy's title being "Hutuktu," he lives forever, his eternal existence undergoing occasional diversion through changes of his bodily form.

Resuming the account of his own adventures, Mr. Rock tells of dining with the king, the following afternoon, and here is his description of the repast:

The meal was served in the reception room, on separate tables, before the window, while lamas, including the king's brother, held prayer service in his bedroom.

A steaming iron pot, inlaid with silver, contained a great array of meats vertically arranged in slices, below which were vegetables of every kind. Rice and several other dishes were served, besides buttered tea, gray as mud and of the consistency of soup.

Dessert consisted of a bowl of solid cream. Neither spoons, forks, nor chopsticks were placed beside the bowl. Not knowing Muli table manners, I waited for the king to make the first move. He raised the bowl to his mouth and took one smacking lick. I followed suit. It was the best dish served that day, but, as my tongue was not so agile nor of the proper length, I had to leave a good deal in my bowl.

The lama's secretary, who acted as interpreter, sat humbly on the floor and was not offered any delicacies. He had only buttered tea served in a wooden bowl, while ours were of gold.

After informing me that there would be a great procession of the lamas in front of my house later in the evening, the king arose and remarked that the next day he would go out to pray among the hills, but I was to see him late that evening to say farewell.

LORD READING'S FIRST BRIEF

Lord Reading—better known to fame as Sir Rufus Isaacs—recently told the story of his first brief. He had been retained to defend a man, a street trader, who had been summoned for selling bad figs. Mr. Isaacs, as he then was, expatiated at length on the quality of the fruit, and in this he was, as was only natural, backed up by his client. Presently the magistrate intervened. "Had either of them tasted the fruit?" he asked. They both confessed that they had not. Whereupon the magistrate suggested that either the defendant or his counsel should eat some in court. Mr. Isaacs turned to his client: "Go on," he whispered; "eat one or two." "What will happen if I don't?" whispered the other in reply. "You'll lose the case." "All right," answered the defendant resignedly, "then I'll lose it."

In 1923 3,466 Jews left Palestine, and 7,254 entered it. In February and March alone of last year there were 611 emigrant Jews, as against 769 immigrants.

FINANCIAL INTEREST FIRST

"If you put that umbrella in my eye again, as you have done twice already," said a man in a crowd, "you'll get a broken head!" "It was as much your fault as mine!" replied the other man. "If you want to kick up a fuss about it, I'm ready for you. I'm insured for five pounds a week in the Self-Protective Mutual Association, and I should like to get a broken head." The offended man looked at him fiercely. Evidence of a severe mental conflict was visible in his face. At length he spoke. "You're safe," he said. "I'm an agent for that company!"

Schoolmaster: "Bartholomew Gibbs, tell me how many days there are in a year." Bartholomew: "Seven, sir." Schoolmaster: "Absurd! I said a year, not a week." Bartholomew: "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. If there's any others I've never heard of them, sir!"

"BLACK MARIA"

ACCORDING to tradition, which, however, lacks clear evidence of support, we are indebted to America for the term, "Black Maria," the name applied to the London horse-drawn prison vans, which have just been superseded by motor-vans. It is said that one Maria Lee, a very powerful negress, owned a boarding-house for seafaring men in Boston, and when the local police were faced by a very tough job they sent for "Black Maria," who, according to one authority, "soon collared the refractory and led them to the lock-up." Incidentally, the passing of the last horse-drawn prison van recalls the cartoon by Phil May of a woman well known at Bow Street Police Court. He depicted her leaving the court with a lofty air and remarking to the driver of the van, "Home, John!" An escape was made from one by a prisoner on his way to gaol. He had secreted a key-hole saw, with which he cut out a large square of the panel and jumped into the road from the moving vehicle.

HOW TO BEHAVE WITH A BURGLAR

The books on etiquette have for reason omitted rules on proper conduct toward visiting burglars. George S. Dougherty supplies the omission in "Liberty." As Mr. Dougherty was formerly Chief of the Detectives in the New York Police Department, he speaks with authority. The simple rules which he distributes through his article on the safest way of handling burglars are stated as follows at the outset:

Do not admit professed gas, lighting, or other inspectors to your house unless you are sure of their identity. They may be impostors.

Fight no duels with the burglar. He has the drop on you.

Be quick to obey the burglar's commands.

Talk to him. Talk fast. But don't get fresh.

If you have a chance, flash on all possible lights. But be sure he isn't covering you with his gun.

A small, noisy dog is good protection.

Unless the burglar is in the same room with you, make a loud noise. Hurl something through a window-pane. Fire several shots into the air. A police whistle is a good thing.

LOAF 2,400 YEARS OLD

An Assyrian loaf more than 2,400 years old has been discovered by a French explorer. It is supposed to have been baked in 560 B.C., and was in excellent condition when found. The loaf is bun shaped, and was wrapped in a cloth in a tightly sealed sarcophagus.

The Old Scottish Bellman Passes

MINDS of a reflective tendency are apt to lament the various changes in our social life. No doubt such changes are, as a rule, for the better, but there are few who do not regret the disappearance of the town bellman, often a man of peculiar temperament and eccentricity of character, clad in official costume, or some henspeckle conglomeration of clothing shed from the village doctor, the parish minister, or some well-to-do farmer. In burgh town or country village in the British Isles a striking figure was this same town crier. Not always with a bell did he attract attention; sometimes a horn or drum did equally effective service, and at his heels followed a crowd of gleeful children, whose youthful hearts were equally impervious to his proclamations of weal or woe.

It is related of the bellman of Inveraray, about the end of the eighteenth century, that, being told by the Duke of Argyll to ring his bell and warn the people not to fish in Loch Fyne till his Grace's permission was granted, he proceeded to make the announcement in his own vernacular:—

Tak' notiss that if anyone is found after this day fishin' in ta loch, she wull be persecute wi' three great persecutions; first she wull be purnt, syne droont, and then she wull be hangt; and if she comes pack any more for ever she wull suffer a far more worse death.—By order of his Grace the Duke of Argyll, King of the Highlands, and Emperor of all the Europes in Scotland.

Loch Fyne seems to have been a special preserve of the Dukes of Argyll, for at a still earlier period the Inveraray bellman at the market cross announced the following fearful warning to illicit fishers:

Ta hoy! Te tither a-hoy! Ta hoy three times!!! An' ta hoy—Wheesht!!! By command of Her Majesty King George an' Her Grace ta Duke o' Argyll! If anybody is found fishin' aboon ta loch, or below ta loch, afore ta loch, or ahint ta loch, in ta loch, or on ta loch, aroon ta loch, or aboot ta loch, she's to be persecutit wiss three terrible persecutions; first she's to be purnt, syne she's to be droont, an' then she's to be hangt—an' if ever she comes back she's to be persecutit wiss a far waur death.—God Save ta King an' Her Grace ta Duke o' Argyll!

In past times in Scotland "the laird" held the same place as "the squire" in England, a sort of *deus ex machina*, through whom and by whom the hand of Providence was seen and felt by the

serfs of the soil, and north and south had equally to acknowledge the supremacy of the lord of the land, as the following instance in Dumfriesshire shows by the mouth of Jamie Ferguson, the Langholm town crier:—

O yes, an' that's ae time; O yes, an' that's twa times; O yes, an' that's a third an' last time. All manner of persons whatsoever, let 'em draw near, an' I shall lat 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle toon o' Langholm for the space o' aucht days, wherein ony hustrin', custrin' land-louper, horse-couper, or gang-the-gait swinger, breedin' ony hurdam, durdam rabblement, babblement, or squabblement, he shall ha'e his legs tackit to the muckle throne, wi' a nail o' twa-a-penny, until he doon on his hob shanks an' pray nine times God bless the King, and thrice the muckle laird o' Relton, payin' a groat to me, Jamie Ferguson, bailey o' the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation, an' I'll noo gang hame to my denner.

Although several generations have passed away since Samuel Lichtbody proclaimed the news in the parish of Campsie, a few of his eccentricities have escaped oblivion. On the death of a well-known native, after the preliminary blowing of his horn, Samuel proclaimed the following intimation:—

This is to gie notice that a' the buddies i' the toon are bidden to Saunders Robb's funeral, an' are to meet at the heid o' the Mill Loan at twal hoors. The liftin' dram is gotten at Lucky Byde's, but it's the corp's wish that a' thae that are wullin' to carry him are no' to ca' in till the hame-comin'. Spokes to be got at the smiddy. God's wull be dune!

Renton, in bygone days, also had a famous bellman, Hector M'Sporran, who on one memorable occasion delivered himself in the following manner:—

Notiss! Notiss! Notiss! John Copeland's gaen to kill a sheep, ye'll see, an' the doctor's gaen to tuket wan leg, an' the schulemaister's to pe tuket anither leg, an' the Cardross minister'll pe tuket anither leg, an' John Murdoch'll pe tuket anither leg, an' Widow M'Kechnie's gaen to pe tuket anither leg. Now, this is to gif notiss that if no other peoples come forrit to bid for the heid an' harrigals, py Cot, she'll shust pe trove pack to ta park wans more.

The humors of the village bellman were, however, not confined to any particular locality or shire, but were to

A STRANGE FATALITY

Here is the eerie experience of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, and now in his eighty-first year. He related it recently to a friend, and so far as is known it has never before been published. Young Lincoln was in the army and stationed in Virginia when he received an order to report at Washington. He got into the theatre just in time to see his father receive his fatal wound. Years later Mr. Lincoln was Secretary of War under Garfield. The President asked him to meet him at the station, and he got there just as Garfield was assassinated. During McKinley's administration Mr. Lincoln received an invitation to attend the formal opening of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo and, accompanied by his family, got there just in time to see the President shot by Czolgosz. A friend happened to be with Mr. Lincoln when he received an invitation to attend a Presidential dinner at Washington a few years ago. He said in effect: "If they only knew, they wouldn't want me there!" Then he proceeded to relate a strange and unhappy experience.

MAGISTRATE'S UNDERSTUDY

In an East African district a doctor acts as understudy to the magistrate. Recently, when each was conscious of having broken the law by riding at night without a light, they agreed that the majesty of the law would be best vindicated by each appearing before the other. The magistrate, we are told, taking precedence, tried the doctor and fined him five pounds. Then the doctor tried the magistrate and fined him twenty pounds, justifying his severity by pointing out that since this was the second case that day, obviously the offence was becoming too common.

An elm tree will live 600 years; it is said to be in its prime at 150 years old.

It has been estimated that one Iceland waterfall could be made to yield 60,000 horse-power and another 50,000.

be found scattered all over the country. In these modern days of levelling-up and dull, fashionable uniformity, divergences from the set forms of speech, manner, and dress are all but extinct, and modern methods of advertising have relegated the local bellman to the limbo of the past.

Green Leaves of the Forest

WHERE the fawn through the
heather paths
Follows the doe,
Four and five linked together,
The green bushes grow;
Oak tree and elder,
Withy and guelder,
Buckthorn and bramble, bullace and sloe.

Fir hammocks be swinging,
Now high, now low.
To the wind's hushful singing
They rock to and fro;
When the day lengthens,
And when the frost strengthens,
And when on the forest soft falls the
snow.

As the fawn down the pricklet paths
Follows the deer,

Through furze-holt, thorn-thicket
And streams running clear;
Birch, broom and bracken,
Beech leaves and wind-shaken,
Blackthorn and white beam and Romany-
pear*

They beckon us thither
Till dews turn cold,
And fades purple heather
'Neath the moon's honey-gold;
Blackheart and cherry,
Red hawthorn berry,
Holly and hazel and crab-tree old.

Ask-key and acorn and chestnut bough,
Green leaves of the forest, you're calling
us now!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

*The rowan tree.

An Electric Ant-trap

"GEE whiz, boys, just look here!" exclaimed a youngster in the storeroom of the telephone company in New Orleans, as he pointed to a transmitter cup he had just unscrewed from its standard. The others crowded around to look at the strange sight, for the transmitter was filled to the brim with red ants, packed in tight and every one dead as a mackerel. This tale is from "The Southern Telephone News" (Atlanta), which continues it as follows:

"The darned little nuisances," said the Old Plant Man, "they'll go anywhere. I don't suppose you could find that in any other place, but those ants just naturally multiply in New Orleans.

"They climbed up and crawled into the transmitter through the opening for the transmitter cord," he continued, "and when they got packed tight enough to form a short circuit, the battery current killed them. Well, that's a new kind of ant-trap."

It is not known where this instrument had been located, as its condition was not discovered until it with a number of others had been dismantled for shipment. It seems to be true, however, that this particular telephone continued to work until it was

removed from the subscriber's station.

Red ants are very numerous in New Orleans during some seasons, but this is the first time they have been known to invade a telephone instrument. Stories are told about the performances of these little pests that are almost unbelievable. Instances have occurred where armies of these ants travelling up and down the trunk of a tree have worn a path that could be easily distinguished and where unmolested for some time in residences they have worn a path across a varnished floor.

One of the first things usually noticed by a visitor to New Orleans in driving through the residential section is the large number of small tin cans attached to the trunks of practically all the trees in the yards and on the fences and also fastened to the sides of houses. These cans contain Argentine ant poison, and at various times thousands of dollars have been invested in this manner by residents in New Orleans in an effort to combat the red ants, which in this section are so numerous that they are capable of killing trees.

In building an airplane, work as fine, accurate and delicate as that in making a watch is required.

HINTS IN STYLE FROM R. L. S.

A lady who had some lessons in composition from Robert Louis Stevenson in his Bournemouth days, quotes some of his precepts which were as follows: You should have used fewer adjectives and many more descriptive verbs. If you want me to see your garden, don't, for pity's sake, talk about "climbing roses" or "green, mossy lawns." Tell me, if you like, that roses twined themselves round the apple trees and fell in showers from the branches. Never dare tell me again anything about "green grass." Tell me how the lawn was flecked with shadows. I know perfectly well that grass is green. So does everybody else in England. What you have to learn is something different from that. Make me see what it was that made your garden distinct from a thousand others. And, by the way, while we are about it, remember once for all that "green" is a word I flatly forbid you to utter in a description more than, perhaps, once in a lifetime.

A titled lady was canvassing for votes at a Parliamentary election and stopped at a house, the door of which was opened by a burly woman who eyed her none too graciously. "May I ask," said the lady sweetly, "to what party your husband belongs?" "Certainly!" answered the woman. "I'm the party to whom 'e belongs, and well 'e knows it!"

"Raining Cats and Dogs"

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON in *John O'London's Weekly*

MOST of the stories of showers of living creatures, such as frogs and fishes, snails and worms, are gross exaggerations; but there are facts behind the fictions. Indeed, there was a living shower not long ago in the South of Scotland, and the organisms were identified. Just as the stooks in the harvest-field are sometimes gripped by a local whirlwind and made to dance in the air, the centre of the vortex travelling, it may be, from field to field, so aquatic animals, such as insect-larvae, water-snails, minnows, and tadpoles, are sometimes caught up, especially from ponds and quiet shallow reaches of streams, and whirled along to places where they are not unreasonably regarded as having fallen from the sky. In most cases they can be traced by the local naturalist to some waterbasin in the near neighborhood.

On one occasion, in East Lothian, we saw a local cyclone making play with the sheaves of corn, and we have never since doubted the possible aerial transport of smallish animals such as frogs and toads, minnows and snails. When our friend told us that it was raining cats and dogs during his holiday in Skye, he seemed rather hurt when we inquired if the fall included Skye terriers; but there is no doubt that many different kinds of animals, especially aquatic animals, can be lifted and transported in a little whirlwind, which does not necessarily mean a tempest, and showered down elsewhere. And how easy it is to change tadpole into frog, and water-snail into periwinkle, and "blood-worm" into blood; and thus a commonplace event becomes a mysterious miracle. Many alleged cases were critically considered by P. H. Gosse in the second series of his "Romance of Natural History" (1867).

Falling from the Sky

It is irrelevant and wooden to insist that dew does not fall. But when one is carefully talking science, it is just as well to be clear that dew is usually water-vapor that is caught on the herbage, or on Gideon's fleece, as it rises from the ground. But although true dew rises, honey-dew falls; and we have seen and felt it dripping from the lime-trees. It is an overflow of sugary fluid from the food-canal of Aphids or green-flies, or of nearly related insects. Some kinds of manna are also exudations from insects, or sometimes they issue directly from the plants themselves.

Another very different kind of thing that seems to fall from heaven is gossamer. But though these thousands of silk threads sink out of the air, they were made for the most part near the ground. They were spun out into the breeze from the spinnerets of small spiders, and they have served as floats for the wingless travellers on their aerial journeys. Strictly speaking, the gossamer threads sink because they previously rose; but it would be hypercritical to object to applying the phrase "living shower" to the sudden appearance of numerous small spiders in a stretch of the links where none were visible an hour before. Truly there has been a shower of gossamer and of spiders too. There is something analogous in the floating fruits of thistles and dandelions and old-man's-beard.

Sulphur showers are genuine enough except that there is no sulphur. For big tracts the ground is sometimes covered with yellow dust and the herbage is powdered thick. There is a suggestion of pease-meal. There has been a great liberation of pollen from the pine-trees and other conifers of the forest, and as each grain has two little bladder-like floats the pollen may be carried far on the wings of the wind. It sometimes rises like smoke from the trees, and when the cloud sinks to the earth, far away from the forest, who can wonder that it should be regarded superstitiously? But it is not from heaven that the sulphur is supposed to have come.

When small solid bodies travelling in space get within the earth's gravitational grip and approach at a high velocity, the sudden compression of the atmospheric gases produces so much heat that the dark intruder is lighted up for a brief moment before it passes into the form of vapour and "goes out." Such are the "shooting stars," or, still worse, "falling stars," that everyone knows. But it sometimes happens that a meteoritic stone, separated perhaps from a comet's tail, comes solid to the earth, and many of them, both large and small, can be seen in the museums. If anyone wishes to call them thunderbolts there is no law against it. But what one must protest against is giving this name to the strange fossils called Belemnites, which are common in some parts of the country. They are often the length and thickness of our middle finger, like Martini-Henry rifle-bullets in shape, and as hard as rock. Persistently they are called thunderbolts and they are cer-

tainly like projectiles; but they never fall from the sky and they are simply the fossilized remains of the internal shell of an extinct type of cuttlefish. It is to the depths, not to the heights, that these pseudo-thunderbolts must be referred.

There is no doubt as to "red rain," but the redness is not due to blood. Perhaps this is putting it too strongly, for when the red rain is produced by hundreds of little red worms or red insect-larvae (harlequin-flies), which have been whirled up out of the water, the color that is so conspicuous is in the animal's blood. In both the cases mentioned it is due to haemoglobin, the same blood-pigment as we have ourselves. But most "showers of blood" are due to very minute Algae or Fungi, or Infusorians.

The names of Helmholtz, Kelvin, and Arrhenius are associated with the hypothesis that very simple forms of life may possibly have reached the cool earth from elsewhere. They might be well wrapped up in the chinks of a meteorite for instance. The great names we have mentioned suffice to forbid a contemptuous smile, but the bold suggestion has always seemed to us rather far-fetched. It should be noted, however, that while simple germs of life can survive extraordinary extremes of temperature and other conditions, this becomes more and more difficult as complexity increases. We cannot suppose that even a complicated larva could survive a long journey through space.

PROPOSING IN NEW GUINEA

Mr. J. H. Holmes, who has lived for twenty-five years among the primitive tribes of New Guinea, relates how lovers of a certain tribe find out whether their "girl" reciprocates their affection. He subjected her to a series of tests. "On a favorable occasion he broke off a part of his sago-roll and gave it to her; if she ate it, he was encouraged to test her farther; if she declined it he knew that he would have to seek elsewhere for a mate." Next he offered her tobacco, but as few Papuans, old or young, could resist this offering, it was not a reliable test. Lastly came the supreme test. "In the presence of the girl he bit a betel nut in halves; one half he gave to her, the other he put in his mouth to chew; if she did likewise, so far as they were concerned the matter was settled: they were betrothed."

The Singer

*("Let me make the songs of the people, and you may
its laws.")*

"GIVE me the songs of the people,"
The singer smiled, and said.
"Give me the songs of the people,
So shall their souls be fed.
For as long as the great world moves along,
It shall thrill to the sound of a simple song."

"Give me the songs of the people,"
The singer's voice rang true—
"The songs of their work and playtime—
Their laws I leave to you.
If their hope be lost on life's desert plain,
I will sing them back unto God again."

"Give me the songs of the people,
When duty's call rings out.
When only the coward lingers,
And only the craven doubt.
Ah, never to me was a song more sweet,
Than the song which swings with the marching feet."

"Give me the songs of the people
In budding days of spring,
When lovers walk in the glory
Of a new world's burgeoning.
Is there music of birds, of trees, of brooks,
To be found in your dusty statute books?"

"Give me the songs of the people,
The 'sleep songs' quaint and dear,
Which mothers sing to the children,
When the evening time is here.
When fire-gleams play on each love-wrapt face,
And angels watch in the warm house place."

The laws and the men who made them
In olden days are dead.
By songs of that gentle singer,
Men still are comforted.
For as long as this great world marks the years,
A song shall move it to smiles or tears!

—FANNY HURRELL.

Father of Modern Medicine

THE name of Paracelsus is one that continually crops up in literature to mystify the average reader. Browning, of course, made him the subject of a poem, but that poem, though just to the reputation of its subject, is somewhat obscure and not at all popular. The story of Paracelsus, the true father of modern medicine, can be more simply told. Like many another pioneer, Paracelsus was the victim of virulent biographers, who tried to blast his memory in storms of hatred and jealousy. He was represented as a strolling charlatan who devoted his life to the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, a bibulous braggart, uneducated, quarrelsome, pretentious, and disreputable. But he was not at all a necromancer.

Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim was born at romantic Einsiedeln, near the Lake of Constance, on November 10th, 1493. His father was of noble origin and of some celebrity for his scientific attainments. Bombast was a family name and had nothing to connect it with its modern meaning. It was customary among the learned of the time to Latinize their names, and Theophrastus changed Hohenheim into Paracelsus, by which he became famous throughout the world.

No sooner had he left college than he devoted nine years to travelling about Europe, increasing his scientific lore. The universities seemed to him blinded by a web of superstition and mysticism, so he made the world his university, and his travels were marked by records of wondrous cures.

He it was who discovered the healing power in metals, zinc ointment, preparations of iron, antimony, mercury, and lead. He it was also who gave to an ungrateful world laudanum, Gregory powders, and many other remedies of the present day.

Sound Theory.

His knowledge was based upon a doctrine of the ancients that all matter is composed of three basic elements—fire, water, and salt. According to the fashion of the time, Paracelsus gave them symbolic names—sulphur, mercury, and salt—but the meaning is the same, inflammability, fluidity, and solidity. He maintained that most sicknesses are simply caused by a breakdown, or else by a superfluity, of one of the basic substances, and can be cured either by supplying the deficiency, or by building up the other substances until a balance is obtained.

In this connection, it is interesting to note a theory lately propounded about

cancer which ascribes it to a breakdown of certain salt in the body, and proposes to cure it by treatment with those same salts. This is the adoption of one of the chief theories of Paracelsus, who may be regarded as the father of homoeopathy. It is, indeed, a wonderful thing that modern men of science, imbued as they are with scepticism about all mediaeval lore, taught to ridicule everything with the faintest savor of occultism, began to read Paracelsus some thirty or forty years ago, and gleaned from him much neglected knowledge of incalculable value to mankind.

But, during his lifetime, his remedies were laughed at, his cures ascribed to some intervention of the Devil. His refusal to join the close corporation of doctors and take an oath of secrecy so enraged his fellow-practitioners that they prevented him from publishing many of his books and drove him out of one town after another. For two years he was a professor at Basle University, but his knowledge and cures made him so many enemies that he was eventually forced to flee from threats of imprisonment. And yet, ten years after his death, his doctrines were being taught at Basle.

After this experience he resumed his wanderings, sometimes settling down for months, only to be hounded out again by the ignorant practitioners around him. Most of his writings were published after his death, but those which he did contrive to print further enraged the profession of which he was so shining a light. His cures, however, had made him celebrated throughout Europe, and all sorts and conditions of men appealed to him after their own physicians had admitted failure.

He contrived to keep body and soul together, but he was sometimes so poor that he could not afford decent clothes. On one occasion he was refused permission to practice at Innsbruck on the ground that a man in rags could not be a respectable doctor. By the end of the following year, however, he had published his most famous work, "The Greater Surgery," nineteen editions of which appeared before the end of the sixteenth century.

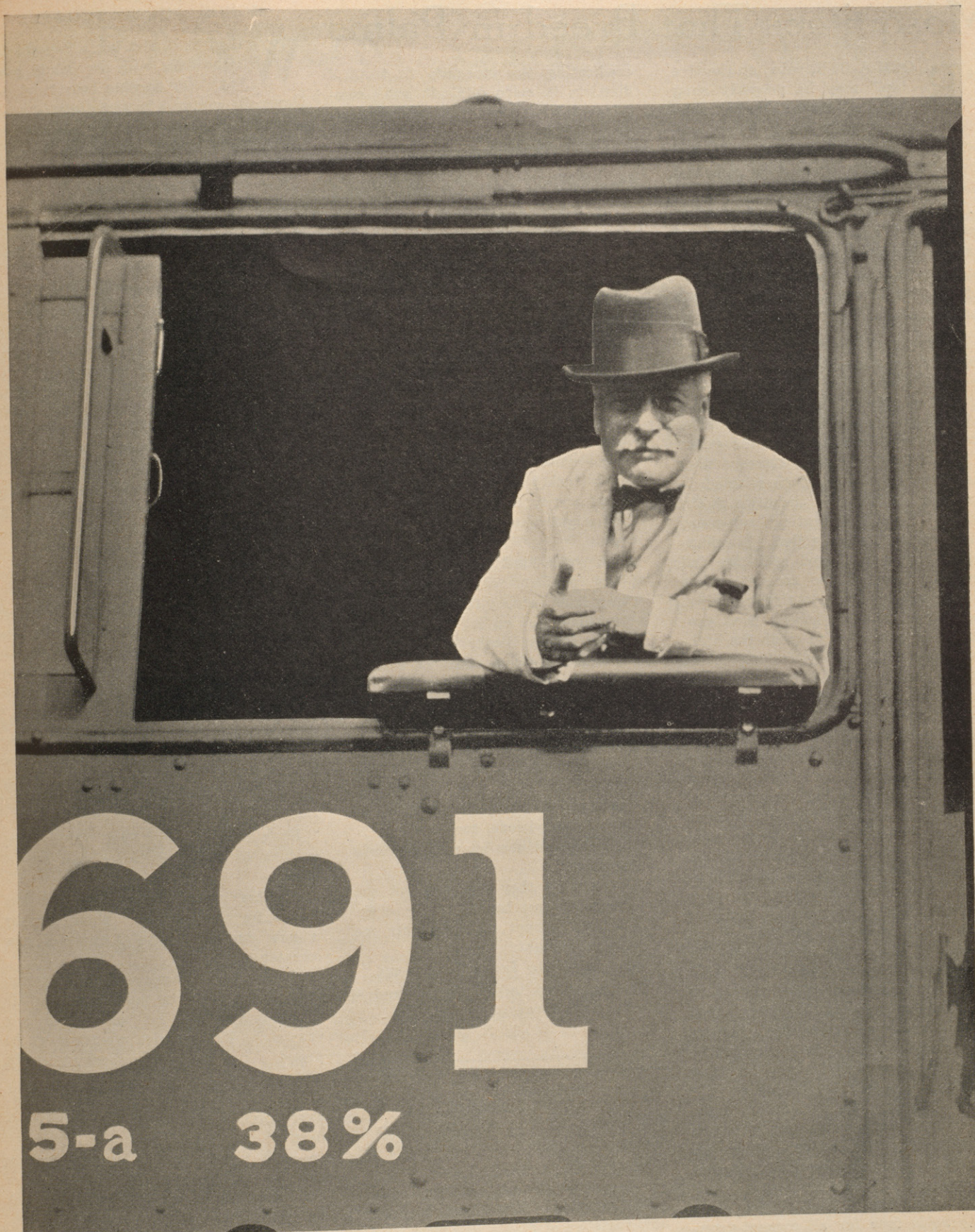
He suffered many disappointments from the ingratitude of rich people. From the poor he would take no fee, but from his illustrious patients he expected sums in proportion to the value of his cures. These, however, were often refused him, on one occasion because his

remedies had relieved the Margrave of Badden's dysentery so quickly that the regular physicians claimed the cure as their own.

The two or three years before the death of Paracelsus were more peaceful. His fame was too great to allow his enemies to harm him, but a greater enemy was at hand. An insidious disease had been set up by the fumes of the various deadly poisons he distilled, and on the 24th of September, 1541, he died at Salzburg, where, according to his own request, he was buried in the poorest part of the city. To this day we may see poor people praying beside his tomb in the porch of the church of St. Sebastian, and when cholera threatened Salzburg in 1830 crowds of humble folk repaired thither imploring his intercession which was so successful that, though the scourge raged for months in Germany and Austria, Salzburg remained mysteriously immune.

CABIN BOY TO MILLIONAIRE

SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN, the millionaire shipowner, began his career in romantic fashion. He started not merely before the mast, but, in accordance with the best traditions, by running away to sea as cabin boy at the age of twelve. He passed rapidly through the stages of apprentice, officer and master, and when he was twenty-two commanded a clipper ship. Later he became master and owner of steamships. He is one of the few living men who have had personal experience of sailing ships, large and small, in the 'sixties. In his autobiography, "Before the Mast—and After," published by Fisher Unwin, he tells thrilling stories of these varied craft, of their cruises and adventures, in the most vivid manner. On one occasion his ship encountered a terrific gale in the Baltic, when he was sent up to re-stow the top-gallant sail. He and another lad went up and discovered that some living thing was clinging to the sail, and they reported this to the mate. This officer accused them of cowardice and said it was a loose part of the sail that was moving. Up they went again and discovered that what the mate supposed to be a loose sail was a large eagle which had found refuge there. They actually succeeded in capturing it, at great risk of their lives, for it tore almost every piece of clothing off them, and severely bit and clawed their flesh.



FAMOUS SOLDIER RIDES A LOCOMOTIVE

During his trip over the Canadian National Lines, Earl Haig took a great interest in Canadian railroad equipment and thoroughly enjoyed the unusual experience of riding in the cab of a Canadian National engine. The crew of Earl Haig's train was made up entirely of returned men.

Mosquitoes That Breed in Palms

"ROCK-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top," may be properly sung by the East African mosquito to her young, it having been found that these insects, including a large number of species, breed to a considerable extent in lofty coconut palm trees. Dr. W. E. Haworth, medical officer of health for the town and district of Tanga, Tanganyika Territory, made this important discovery in 1920, we are told by *The Lancet* (London), which thus narrates the story of it:

In spite of vigorous anti-mosquito measures it was noticed that the number of mosquitoes in the European houses of the town increased to an alarming degree, and that the insects for the most part were of the genus *Culex*, of which the corresponding larvae could not be demonstrated in any surface water in the town at the time. These observations suggested that some uncontrolled breeding-place must exist, and suspicion fell on the tops of the coconut palms which adorn the picturesque town. An expert climber having been procured, he proceeded to climb the highest palms with ease by walking up the stem. Armed with a bottle and the hollow leaf-stalk of the pawpaw, he sucked the water which collects between the axil and the stem. In order to do so he had to sit astride the swaying leaf and force its stalk away from the stem—a highly sensational and perilous proceeding. In this manner no less than 10,382 palms were examined along the East African coast. Twenty-seven species of mosquito were found breeding in palm water. The predominating form of mosquito was not the same at all stations. Possibly in some places the dangerous malaria-carrying *Anopheles* may abound. The number of mosquitoes proceeding from this source are most certainly a source of danger to the community. Granted even that only a few perfect insects emerge daily, the total number thus produced must be a very considerable one when the number of palms, which may exceed 70,000 in one township area, is considered. What has been demonstrated for one portion of East Africa probably holds true for all coconut-growing areas throughout the tropics, and the importance of this subject from a public health point of view can hardly be over-estimated. Dr. Haworth is to be congratulated on a piece of work which suggests that the task of

eradicating the mosquito in tropical districts is more difficult and complicated than has been apprehended.

WHY PLAYS SHOULD BEGIN IN THE MIDDLE

FOR a long time we lived in the suburbs and had to leave in the middle of the last act to get the train home. All the Broadway successes ended, for me, about like this:

"I've decided to tell the truth and explain the whole mystery."

"Hide behind that curtain and when the 'Vampire' comes in, we'll corner it and solve this horrible mystery."

"Don't shoot till I give the word."

"I can't ask you to marry me, but I want you to know I love you."

"You might as well confess. The jig is up."

"With your kind permission I will now perform my death-defying leap from balcony to stage, holding the little girl on my shoulders."

So we finally decided to move into town, where my wife could be comfortably late to every play. Now the shows begin, for me, about like this:

WINDOWS

"But has any one found us out?"

"I can't stand it any longer. How could you?"

"Yes, and the master's beginnin' to 'ave 'is suspicions, too."

"Ha! Ha! And now let me ask you a question."

"That's what they say, and yet she dares to come here."

"I'll never forget it. It haunts me day and night."

"Yes, I'll do it. Leave it all to me."

Mostly we go to the movies and sit through two shows.

S. W., in Life.

A man may be captain of his soul and still be compelled to recognize the existence of a few majors, colonels and generals.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

The practice of hybridizing to produce new varieties of plants was first used in Europe by the Romans, who bred races of roses by its means.

At least, it can not be said that modern youth is too big for his breeches.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES!

WHAT is a flirt but a love-thief—who dabs with her dainty paws at every passing heart? Sometimes she captures it, sometimes she just scratches it, sometimes she misses it entirely. But before aiming she ought to look first and see to whom it belongs.

For there's honor among all thieves. And honor ought to prevent the love-thief from aiming at any heart that's another woman's signed and sealed property.

Why? Oh, not, perhaps, for any of the ordinary and highly-respectable reasons, but merely because, if she's married and you're not, you start the game with ten points to her one in your favor. And if you're sporting, it ought to strike you that such a game isn't worth playing.

If it were golf, and you were playing with a complete muff, you'd give her a stroke a hole, wouldn't you? If it were tennis you wouldn't try to get in your most smashing serves. Yet—when it's love—you take all the advantages and then think how clever you are if you win the game!

What are her handicaps? To begin with, you're probably younger; to go on with, he knows her and he doesn't know you. Two incontestable ones for a start.

Counter-Attractions

If she's got children, you are playing an extremely dirty trick in challenging her to battle, simply because a woman with children is a woman who never has time to spend making herself pretty—as you have.

She's busy all day long. You've got nothing to do but cultivate your attractions.

All her spare money goes to buy things for the children. When you buy a new hat she buys Tommy a new sweater.

When you are annoyed with him you snub him and sweep proudly away. He probably tells you he "adores you in a temper." But married women can't be proud. They haven't the money to sweep away, nor the time.

However much she may rage—however terrible the insult to her pride—even if her heart breaks—she has got to stay right there. Married women can't afford to be proud. If they have children, and no money, they have got to grin and bear it, whatever happens. Honor among thieves! Think of that next time an apparently fancy-free husband wanders in your direction.

"Study Ethyl as Fuel for Motors," says headline. Ethyl might do for Lizzie.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

RANDOM GLEANINGS

PRAIRIES' SALINE WEALTH

ONE is accustomed to think of the Canadian prairies as the Empire's bread pan. There is reason to regard some parts of them, according to the Dominion Mines' Department, as a contribution to the Empire's (industrial) salt box also. Investigations conducted by the Department from 1921-1923, have disclosed the occurrence in commercial quantities of soluble mineral salts, either in bedded deposits or as brines. Two deposits are already being exploited. One is of sodium sulphate, in the bed of Muskiki Lake, Saskatchewan, where is a drying plant with a capacity of 100 tons of dried salt in twenty-four hours. Another plant is being erected at Frederick Lake, in the same province. The main market for sodium sulphate is with the paper mills, which use between 40,000 and 50,000 tons yearly in the manufacture of kraft paper. Hydrous crystals are sold to tanneries and the textile industries. The Department states that natural deposits of hydrous sodium and magnesium salts, with small percentages of calcium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium carbonate, etc., are known to exist in many western areas, and it regards the industry as but in its infancy. Work so far done is confined to a fraction only of the known deposits; nevertheless more than 50,000,000 tons of hydrous sodium and magnesium salts have been proven, according to a report published by the Dominion Mines' Department.

Synthetic Marble.—A new process of manufacturing synthetic marble has been devised in which the marble is made by a wet method in place of the fire method. A mixture is made of chloride of calcium and an aqueous solution of sodium carbonate or a mixture of precipitated carbonate of lime and sodium chloride solution is heated in autoclaves at a temperature of 300 degrees C. and 24 atmospheres pressure for a period of eight hours. A compact mass is obtained in this manner. The product resembles marble, and has the same high lustre. When sodium sulphate is employed in admixture with chloride of calcium a product is obtained which resembles alabaster.

Fifty per cent. of the world's gold comes from the Transvaal.

BLOOD AND ITS COLOR

It is not a mere figure of speech to speak of iron in man's blood. That is partly if not wholly responsible for the color of human blood, and perhaps in some inexplicable way is the source—or a source—of the superiority that the mammalia possess over lower forms of life. Professor Bancroft, an eminent English biologist, whose studies in the coloring matter of blood have brought much fresh information to light, says that blood is not necessarily red. Our blood is purple when it reaches our lungs, red when it leaves them. Cuttlefish blood, he points out, is colorless when it passes to the gills, blue when it leaves them. Again, there is a starfish in the blood of which you can see colors of the most diverse type—brown, purple, green, lemon, yellow, and indigo blue. The brown becomes green when it loses its oxygen. These colors, owing to their power of carrying oxygen, enable an animal to grow large. Insects, we are told, have no color in their blood, and they remain small. The mollusks singled out a blue pigment for their use—a color dependent on the copper that it contained. The higher animals (vertebrates) chose iron-containing colors, and have become the higher types of creation.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE is the sixth vice-president of the United States to become president through the death of his chief, and is the second of these to be re-elected. The other was President Roosevelt. Mr. Coolidge became 29th president on August 23, 1923, through the death of President Harding. Born in Vermont in 1872, he became known as the "poor man's lawyer." Mr. Coolidge was married in 1905 to a Vermont school teacher. From that time until he became vice-president, and moved to a Washington hotel, Mr. Coolidge's home was first a modest apartment and later a humble dwelling-house in Northampton. He maintained an active interest in farming, and became known for his modesty and economy, despite success. Mr. Coolidge was the first man ever sworn in as President of the United States by his own father. On assuming office he had nineteen months and two days of his predecessor's term to complete.

A WITTY SCHOLAR

THE late Dr. A. D. Godley, Public Orator in the University of Oxford, had a poetical wit almost as neat and classical as that which Charles Stuart Calverley possessed and made famous at Cambridge. Like Calverley he was an accomplished parodist. He invented a fifth, "discovered" book of Horace's Odes, and turned it out in such admirable Horatian Latin and with such plausible annotations that it deceived some of the elect. The last volume of his literary amusements, "The Casual Ward," contained some precious lines entitled "Hints for the Transaction of Public Business," of which the following are the first two stanzas:—

"Whene'er you do to meetings go, as many such there be
(And few and far those persons are who home return to tea),
Then take with you this principle, to cheer you on your way—
The less there is to talk about, the more there is to say.

Consult your hearers' happiness, and state for their relief
That you'll avail prolixity and study to be brief;
For if you can't be brief at once, 'twill comfort them to know
That you'll arrive at brevity in half an hour or so."

Deserts cover twenty-four per cent. of the earth's surface.

Economizing at other people's expense is easy, but seldom justifiable.

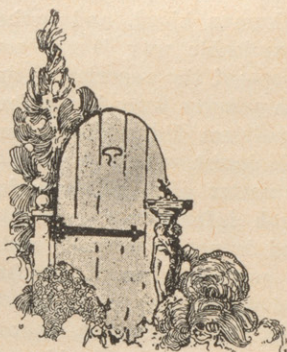
A sharp tongue severs many a good friendship.

The largest fireproof hospital in the world is near Chicago, and has 1,264 rooms.

An interesting centenary this year is that of Robert Bloomfield, who starved his way to fame, and expired, half-blind, and in deepest want, August 19th, 1825. He was the poet of "The Farmer's Boy."

A sheep with a double fleece was recently shorn on a New South Wales farm. The wool was 18 in. long and the fleece weighed 46½ lb.

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Beauty's Golden Rule

SOME statistics relating to the quantities of cosmetics sold in twelve months came to my attention recently. In the appalling list I noted an item of 240,000,000 odd boxes of face-powder. The total packages of rouge sold were given as 17,000,000. These figures related to sales in the United States of America. Are the figures for this country proportionately less, I wonder? asks Sir Herbert Barker, the famous English health specialist.

I am inclined to think that they cannot be much less. The enormous consumption of cosmetics by the modern woman is a sad comment on the artificiality of our time. The delicious blush of perfect health, the well-colored lip, a clear and bright eye—these things are better attained by natural means.

As for a lithe figure, a straight-footed, graceful walk, a poised carriage, and that radiant presence which only good health can give—where will a woman find these allurements save following the path which Dame Nature, in her supreme wisdom, indicates?

Simplicity—that is beauty's golden rule. Simplicity in living, in eating, in dress. The fault with us moderns is that we try to improve upon Nature by elaborate and complex methods. We try to take short cuts, and impatiently and foolishly we think to replace natural processes by the crude use of artifice.

Seek beauty along the path which was old when mankind was young. There is no other way.

Although artificial aids to beauty are in greater use today than ever before, the movement towards the ideal of the Golden Age of Greece is far-reaching. Eve no longer thinks she is at her best as a hot-house flower; she goes in for tennis and hockey; she rides, swims, and fences.

One day, perhaps, women will definitely reject high heels and adopt footgear more in accordance with the normal process of graceful walking.

Any form of exercise suitable to the feminine physique is beauty-giving. But I would stress "suitable to the feminine physique." Football, strenuous running, hockey, when played too violently, polo—these athletic pursuits to which some women have taken in the last few years—are not calculated to improve either their looks or their health.

Regular outdoor exercise is open to any country girl who is not too lazy. But for the townswoman it is something

of a problem. However, there are parks and open spaces where walks—exercise walks, not languid strolls—can be taken, and most towns nowadays have tennis courts and golf links.

Young women who earn their own living in office or factory or shop can take beautifying exercise as well as the woman of leisure and means. But Swedish exercise tends to become very monotonous.

"A Daily Dozen to Music"

Experts have recognized this defect, and have devised music to accompany the exercises. "A daily dozen to music" is as much a part of the wise woman's morning toilet as combing the hair and brushing the teeth. This form of exercise has the advantage of being suitable to middle-aged women who are not content to grow stiff and shapeless merely because their years are running into the fifties.

Ten minutes' stretching and bending, flexing and relaxing, morning and night, is the best and surest preserver of beauty so far discovered.

Make a habit of exercise. Look on your "daily dose" of physical exercise as you look on your regular meals—as a thing which is necessary to life.

Scientific physical movement not only beautifies the body and makes the carriage graceful, it keeps the skin functioning properly and the eye clear.

Regular features are not everything. I have seen women with perfectly cut features whose complexions were bad. Other women look beautiful in repose or in a posed photograph. But when they move you forget the beauty of the face in the ugliness of the walk. Yet bowed spines and rounded shoulders are curable.

On the other hand, I have seen women with irregular features who were wonderfully good-looking, who allured and intrigued. Why? Because they had supple, slim, beautiful bodies, a walk as graceful as a fawn's, laughing eyes, and a general loveliness of complexion and expression which more than compensated for small defects in their features.

Here let me say that no amount of exercise or beauty-parlor treatment will make a woman beautiful if she gives rein to any selfish, hard, or unpleasant streak which there may be in her nature. Bad traits of character cannot be hidden by exquisite complexions and lovely eyes. They leave their tell-tale mark.

Thousands of women, passing the first blush of youth and losing with it that prettiness which is based merely on freshness and a transient eager vitality, look in their mirrors and see soft lips being transformed into a definitely hard mouth, wrinkles appearing on what had been, a little while before, firm, smooth skin. And it seems to these women unjust, a tragedy, that this transformation should take place.

Yet the hard mouth is not really the bitter blow of a hostile fate! They have only themselves to blame for it. Those wrinkles have not come out of the void.

For years, perhaps, they have been tightening their lips mentally, "making a hard mouth," and now the mind, triumphing over matter, turns the mouth hard in reality.

It is the same with those wrinkles. Self-discipline might have kept them away for many years to come. But self-knowledge must precede self-discipline, the knowledge which I hope will one day be taught in the schools.

I would have every young girl taught what I might call the "Hygiene of Beauty." In addition to moral precepts designed to instil the idea that she who is good is also happy, there will, perhaps, be the ideal that she who exercises, lives a regular life, eschews the follies of fashion, and eats and drinks temperately and wisely will also be beautiful.

Is there really a "golden rule" of beauty? I have tried to outline my idea of it. There may be no fixed standard of beauty. What we admire may possibly seem ugliness to people of some distant country. But there is one test which overrides all geographical considerations.

Why is it that some faces seem beautiful to us, despite small irregularities? Here is the answer. Just as the windows of the soul are the eyes, so, too, the garment of the spirit is the face.

Wrong living and beauty never go together. For beauty demands a price, and it is this—that virtue which comes only to the simple, only to those who are simple at heart and simple in their ways of life.

That is the great secret.

Woman has always given so much attention to her clothes that it was to be expected that sooner or later she would start a great movement to redress her wrongs.—Arkansas Gazette.

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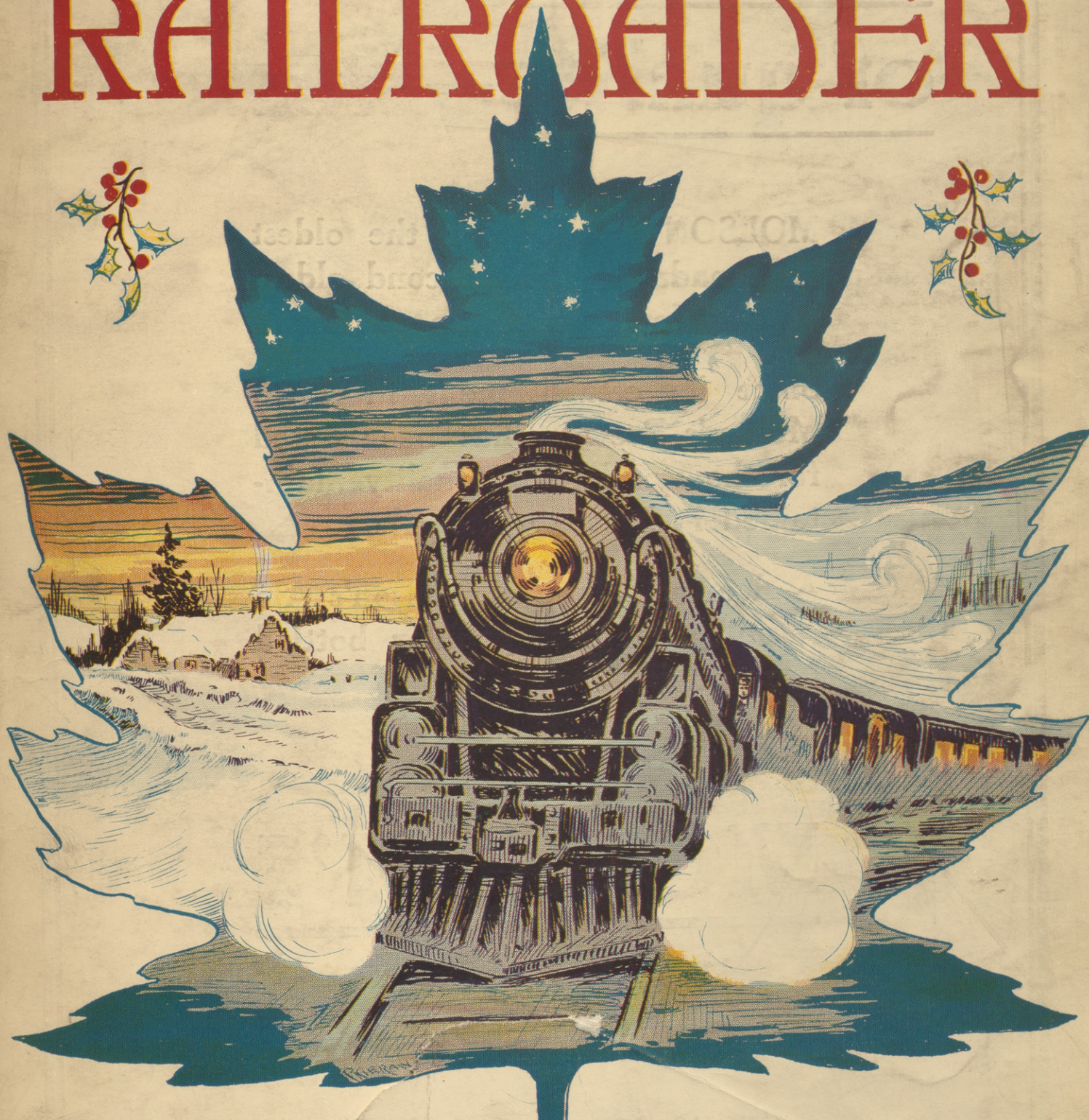
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